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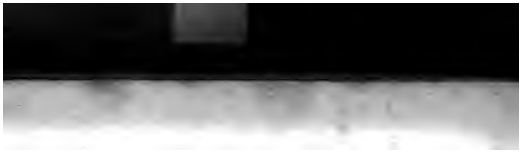

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVEN'S

LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING

TAMING OF THE SHREW.
WINTER'S TALE.

LEIPSICK:

PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER

1806.

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TAMING
OF THE
H R E W.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a drunken tinker,* } *Persons in*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, } *the Induc-*
and other servants attending on the } *tion,*
Lord. }

Baptista, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a suitor to* Katharina.

Gremio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } *Servants to* Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, } *Servants to* Petruchio.
Curtis, }

Pedant, *an old fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew;* } *Daughters to* Baptista.
Bianca, *her sister,* }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; *and sometimes in* Petruchio's *House in the* Country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy; — Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer *him by law: I'll* not budge an inch, boy; let him *come and kindly.*

[Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.

Brach Merriman, — the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge' corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord: Were he not warm'd
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. —
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wak'd,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* *Believe me*, Lord, I think it
2 *Hun.* *It would seem* strange unto

And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, — What is it your Honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, — Will't please your Lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been a lunatick;
And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

Hun. My Lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each *one to his* office, when he wakes. —
[Some bear out SLY. *A* trumpet sounds.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds: —
[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. —

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it please your Honour,
Players that offer service to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your Honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night

2 *Play.* So please your Lordship to accept our du

Lord. With all my heart. — This fellow I
member,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son; —
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your Honour mea

Lord. 'Tis very true; — thou didst it excellent
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his Honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my Lord; we can contain c
selves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendl welcome every one;

et them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.

rrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a* Servant.

nd see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
hat done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
nd call him — Madam, do him obeisance.
ell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
e bear himself with honourable action,
uch as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
nto their lords, by them accomplished:
uch duty to the drunkard let him do,
Vith soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
nd say, — What is't your Honour will command,
Vherein your lady, and your humble wife,
Iay show her duty, and make known her love?
nd then — with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
nd with declining head into his bosom, —
id him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
o see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Vho, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
o better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
nd if the boy have not a woman's gift,
o rain a shower of commanded tears,
n onion will do well for such a shift;
Vhich in a napkin being close convey'd,
hall in despite enforce a watry eye.
ee this despatch'd with all the haste thou can'st;
non I'll give thee more instructions. —

[*Exit* Servant.

know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
oice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
nd how my men will stay themselves from laughter
Vhen they do homage to this simple peasant.
ll in to counsel them; haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extrem
[.

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's Hou

SLY *is discovered in a rich night gow*
Attendants; some with apparel, othe
bason, ewer, and other appurtenances.
Lord, *dreſs'd like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your Lordship drin
of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Honour taste
conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your Hono
to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—
nor Lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life
you give me any conserves, give me cons
beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; fo
no more doublets than backs, no more stocki
legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, so
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my t
through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour
Honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. *What, would* you make me mad?
I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-h
birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker,

mutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's ——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have musick! hark! Apollo plays,
[*Musick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground;
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o'the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants *present an ewer, bason, and napkin*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv. O, yes, my* Lord; but very idle words:

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up, —
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble Lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble Lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me — husband?
My men should call me — Lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: — What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice Madam, or Joan Madam?

Lord. *Madam*, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dreamt and slept.
Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much; —— Servants, leave me and h alone. ——
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of yo
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry long. But I would be loth to fall into my dream again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good Lord; it is more pleasing st

Sly. What household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll sect: Come, Madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO,

Luc. Tranio, since — for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, —
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle Master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good Master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an out-cast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en; —
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, — not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me: —
There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, Sir, [To BAP.] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, Master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, — Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye, — and she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent. —
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIA
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, — know any such,
Prefer them hither: for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [
Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too,
I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, b
I knew not what to take, and what to leave?
[
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam;
gifts are so good, here is none will hold you.
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may
our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our
dough on both sides. Farewell: — Yet, fo
love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
light on a fit man, to teach her that wherei
delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: But a we
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it tou
us both, — that we may yet again have acc
our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bi
love, — to labour and effect one thing 'specia

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, Sir, to get a husband for

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou,

...ay rich, any man is so very a
...e married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, — to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, — till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. — Sweet Bianca! — Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

Luc. [*Advancing.*] I pray, Sir, tell me, — Is it possible

To love should of a sudden take such hold?

O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I thought it possible, or likely;

But while idly I stood idly looking on,

The effect of love in idleness:

And in plainness do confess to thee, —

That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As *the Queen of* Carthage was, —

Burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If *not this young modest girl*:

Tranio, for I know thou canst

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on t
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to h
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you no
sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to m
And with her breath she did perfume the
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him fron
I pray, awake, Sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve h
stands: —
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,

Luc. Tell me one first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done.

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus; —
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa. —
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: — Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio.
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave to atchieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. — Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? N

Master, has my fellow Tranio st
Or you stolen his? or both? pra

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'ti
And therefore frame your manne
Your fellow Tranio here, to sav
Puts my apparel and my counten
And I for my escape have put on
For in a quarrel, since I came a
I kill'd a man, and fear I was d
Wait you on him, I charge you,
While I make way from hence t
You understand me?

Bion. I, Sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio

Bion. The better for him; 'W

Tra. So would I, 'faith, bo

That Lucentio indeed had Baptist
But, sirrah, — not for my sake,

You use your manners discreetly

When I am alone, why, then I
But in all places else, your mast

Luc. Tranio, let's go: —
One thing more rests, that thyse
To make one among these woo

Sufficeth, my reasons are both g

1 Serv. My Lord, you nod:
you slap.

Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
ly; Comes there any more of it?
age. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Ma-
dam Lady; 'Would it were done!

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house: —
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, Sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your Worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, Sir? why, Sir, what am I, Sir, that I should knock you here, Sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, Masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter? — My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! — How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto,
Molto honorato Signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.
— If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his
service, — Look you, Sir, — he bid me knock him,
and rap him soundly, Sir: Well, was it fit for a Ser-
vant to use his master so; being perhaps, (for aught
I see,) two and thirty, — a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! — Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate? — O heavens! —
Spake you not these words plain, — *Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock
And come you now with — knocking at the ga
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and yo
Your ancient, trusty, plea-ant servant Grum
And tell me now, sweet friend, — what hap
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men
To seek their fortunes further than at hor
Where small experience grows. But, in
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd:
And I have thrust myself into this ma
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I

as in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: — but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not: or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old rot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is, — that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well: —
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir, — an she stand him but a little,

me, disguis'd in sober robes,
tpista as a school-master
l in musick, to instruct Bianca:
may by this device, at least,
e and leisure to make love to her,
suspected, court her by herself.

GREMIO: *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old
ow the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!
Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love —
io, stand by a while.
A proper stripling, and an amorous!
[*They retire.*
O, very well; I have perus'd the note.,
u, Sir; I'll have them very fairly bound
[illegible] hand;

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going? — To Baptista Minola,
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books, — good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, — and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well. —
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,

Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
it be more than Alcides' twelve.
ir, understand you this of me, insooth; —
agest daughter, whom you hearken for,
er keeps from all access of suitors;
l not promise her to any man,
e elder sister first be wed:
iger then is free, and not before.
If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
id us all, and me among the rest;
n break the ice, and do this feat, —
the elder, set the younger free
access, — whose hap shall be to have her,
so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
ce you do profess to be a suitor,
t, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
n we all rest generally beholden.

ACT II S

The same. A Room i

Enter KATHARIN

Bian. Good sister, wr

To make a bondmaid and a
That I disdain: but for the
Unbind my hands, I'll pull
Yea, all my raiment, to my
Or, what you will comma
So well I know my duty to
Kath. Of all thy suitors
Whom thou lov'st best: s
Bian. Believe me, sister
I never yet beheld that spe
Which I could fancy more
Kath. Minion, thou lie
Bian. If you affect him
I'll plead for you myself, b
Kath. O then, belike,
You will have Gremio to
Bian. Is it for him you
Nay, then you jest; and n
You have but jested with
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, un
Kath. If that be jest, t

Enter B

Bap. Why, how now,

Bianca, stand aside; — p
Go ply thy needle; meddl
For shame, thou hilding

e thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
did she cro s thee with a bitter word?
h. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.
p. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
th. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
s your treasure, she must have a husband;
st dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
not to me; I will go sit and weep,
I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.
p. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
who comes here!

er GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a n man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a ician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

e. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
p. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save Gentlemen!
t. And you, good Sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
d Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
p. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.
e. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
t. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave. —
a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
, — hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
affability, and bashful modesty,
wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, —
old to show myself a forward guest
r your house, to make mine eye the witness
report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainr
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting*
Cunning in musick, and the mathem
To instruct her fully in those sciences.
Whereof, I know, she is not ignoran
Accept of him, or else you do me wro
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, Sir; and he,
sake
But for my daughter Katharine, — thi
She is not for your turn, the more my

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but a
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antoni
A man well known throughout all Ita

Bap. I know him well: you are we
sake

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, l
Let us, that are poor petitioners, spea
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio;
be d

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir; but you w
woo
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful
it. To express the like kindness mys
been more kindly beholden to you than
give unto you this young scholar, [*P*
CENTIO,] that hath been long studying
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other
the other in musick and mathematich
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signio

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight? — Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here!

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, Gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good Sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave. —
I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That, — hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, —
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

Bap. Ay,
This is, — her love; a
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for
I am as peremptory as she proud minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their
Though little fire grows great with little wi
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy
speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
That shake not, though they blow perpetuall

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head* br
Bap. How now, my friend? why dost
so p
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I lo
Bap. What, will my daughter prove
sic

come, good Cambio. — But, gentle Sir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request, —
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, Sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, Sir. —
Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within! —

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

And say — she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me — Katharine, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; —
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mo
you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so
Kath. No such jade, Sir, as you, if me
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not l
For, knowing thee to be but young
Kath. Too light for such a swain
And yet as heavy as my weight shou

Tor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
n may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to
the lute?
Tor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
id but tell her, she mistook her frets,
d bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
ien, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
ets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with*
them:
d, with that word, she struck me on the head,
d through the instrument my pate made way;
d there I stood amazed for a while,
on a pillory, looking through the lute;
ille she did call me, — rascal fiddler,
d — twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
she had studied to misuse me so.
'et. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
ove her ten times more than e'er I did:
How I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited:
ceed in practice with my younger daughter;
's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. —
nior Petruchio, will you go with us;
shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
'et. I pray you do; I will attend her here, —
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and*
HORTENSIO.
d woo her with some spirit when she comes.
, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
; she be mute, and will not speak a word,
n I'll commend her volubility,

Pet. Nay, nay, you, [illegible] not a

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let m

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you [illegible]
'Twas told me, you were rough, and co
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passi
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches wil
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in ta
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy
With gentle conference, soft and affab
Why does the world report, that Kate
O slanderous world! Kate, like the ha
Is straight, and slender; and as brown
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the ke
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep

ou shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
must be married to no man but me:
am he am born to tame you, Kate;
ring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
mable, as other houshold Kates.
omes your father; never make denial,
: and will have Katharine to my wife.

enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

. Now,
r Petruchio: How speed you with
ughter?
How but well, Sir? how but well?
e impossible, I should speed amiss.
. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?
h. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
ave show'd a tender fatherly regard,
sh me wed to one half lunatick;
l-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
hinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Father, 'tis thus, — yourself and all the world,
alk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
be curst, it is for policy:
le's not froward, but modest as the dove;
not hot, but temperate as the morn;
atience she will prove a second Grissel;
oman Lucrece for her chastity:
conclude, — we have 'greed so well together,
ou sunday is the wedding-day.

Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'sc not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sul
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courtec
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flow
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look aska
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st comma
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly spee
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes keep you warm.
Pet. *Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in*

[illegible] setting all this chat aside,
[illegible] terms: — Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other houshold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double w
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And to cut off all strife, here sit we down: —
Take you your instrument, play you the whil
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd
Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
[*To* BIANCA. — HORTENSIO r
Luc. That will be never; tune your instru
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, Madam: —
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.
Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before, — *Si*
I am Lucentio, — *hic est*, son unto Vincen
Pisa, — *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get
love; — *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that
a wooing, — *Priami*, is my man Tranio, —
bearing my port, — *celsa senis*, that we mig
guile the old pantaloon.
Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Retur*
Bian. Let's hear: — [HORTENSIO
O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:
ibat Simois, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia t*
I trust you not; — *Hic steterat Priami*, take
he hear us not; — *regia*, presume not; — *cel*
nis, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Aeacides
Was Ajax, — call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest. — Now, Licio, to you: —
Good Masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*To* LUCENTIO.] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no musick in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am; the ground of all accord;*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this — gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays your leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet Masters, both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.

Luc. Faith, Mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is th
pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, b
fore'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leis

l you, I, he was a frantick fool,
ug his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
, to be noted for a merry man,
woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
e friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
must the world point at poor Katharine,
say, — *Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
would please him come and marry her.
n. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
n my life, Petruchio means but well,
never fortune stays him from his word:
igh he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
igh he be merry, yet withal he's honest.
th. 'Would, Katharine had never seen him
though!
it, weeping, followed by BIANCA, *and Others.*
p. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
such an injury would vex a saint,
h more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

an. Master, Master! news, old news, and such
s as you never heard of!
p. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
on. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
ing?
p. Is he come?
on. Why, no, Sir.
p. What then?
on. He is coming.
p. When will he be here?
on. *When he stands* where I am, and sees you

But, say, what: — To thine old news.
Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat,

and an old jerkin;
turn'd; a pair of b
one buckled, anoth
ta'en out of the tov
and chapeless; with
hip'd with an old
kindred: besides, p
like to mose in the c
infected with the fa
with spavins, rried
the lives, stark spoi
with the bots: sway
ten; ne'er-legg'd be
bit, and a head-stall
restrain'd to keep hi
often burst, and no
six times pieced, an
which hath two lett
in studs, and here a

Bap. Who comes

Bion. O, Sir, hi
rison'd like the hor
leg, and a kersey b
with a red and blue
mour of forty fanc
monster, a very mon
christian footboy, or

Tra. 'Tis some o

Yet often times he g

Bap. I am glad he

Bion. Why, Sir, h

Bap. Didst thou

Bion. Who? that

Bap. Ay, that Pet

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? —
How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

To me she's married, not unto my [illegible]
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO *and* B

Tra. He hath some meaning in his ma
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the even

Tra. But, Sir, to her love concernet
Her father's liking: Which to bring to I
As I before imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our
[illegible] Vincentio of Pisa;

greybeard, Gremio,
father, Minola;
, amorous Licio;
ake, Lucentio. —

enter GREMIO.

ıe you from the church?
r as e'er I came from school.
bride and bridegroom coming
home?
ım, say you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
, and that the girl shall find.
ı she? why, 'tis impossible.
devil, a devil, a very fiend.
a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
entio; When the priest
harine should be his wife,
, quoth he; and swore so loud,
e priest let fall the book:
gain to take it up,
degroom took him such a cuff
t and book, and book and priest;
, quoth he, *if any list.*
he wench, when he arose again?
nd shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,
t to cozen him.
nonies done,
- *A health*, quoth he; as if
, carousing to his mates
taff'd off the muscadel,
all in the sexton's face;
on, —
ew thin and hungerly,
m sops as he was drinking.

Such a mad marriage never wa
Hark, hark! I hear the minstr

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARI
TA, HORTENSIO, GRU

Pet. Gentlemen and friends

I know, you think to dine wi
And have prepar'd great store
But so it is, my haste doth call
And therefore here I mean to t
Pap. Is't possible, you will
Pet. I must away to-day, be
Make it no wonder; if you kn
You would entreat me rather g
And, honest company, I thank
That have beheld me give away
To this most patient, sweet, a
Dine with my father

Bion. No, Sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? — How does my father? — Gentles, methinks you frown: And wherefore gaze this goodly company; As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know, this is your wedding-day; First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress, Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The *morning* wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a c
Gre. Went they not quicl

Tra. Of all mad matches,
Luc. Mistress, what's your
Bian. That, being mad her
Gre. I warrant him, Petru
Bap. Neighbours and frie

For to supply the places at the
You know, there wants no ju
Lucentio, you shall supply th
And let Bianca take her siste
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca pr
Bap. She shall, Lucentio.

ACT IV. S

A Hall in Petruchio's

Enter GRU

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired
sters! and all foul ways! W
was ever man so ray'd? wa
am sent before to make a fir
after to warm them. Now,
and soon hot, my very lips m
my tongue to the roof of my
belly, ere I should come by a
I, with blowing the fire, s
considering the weather, a
take cold. Holla, hoa! Curt

cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching: —

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment

on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my mare and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress: —

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: —— But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shou'd'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd — that never pray'd before; how she cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what

- call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas,
alter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their
rekly combed, their blue coats brushed,
garters of an indifferent knit: let them
their left legs; and not presume to touch
ıy master's horse-tail, till they kiss their
hey all ready?
.ey are.
ll them forth.
) you hear, ho? you must meet my master,
ince my mistress.
hy, she hath a face of her own.
ho knows not that?
ou, it seems; that call'st for company to
e her.
:all them forth to credit her.
ıy, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Welcome home, Grumio.
ow now, Grumio?
at, Grumio!
ellow Grumio!
low now, old lad?
elcome, you; — how now, you; — what,
low, you; — and thus much for greeting.
spruce companions, is all ready, and all
ll things is ready: How near is our master?
en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore
— Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my

er PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

ere be these knaves? What, no man
door,

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast; —
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, Gentlemen let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's *Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: — But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will *take cold. Holla,* hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching: —

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment

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Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles in
thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's hear, good Grumio

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, no

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and this cuff was but to knock a
speech listening. Now I begin: *I*
down a foul hill, my master rid
trees: —

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: —
cross'd me, thou shou'd'st have h
fell, and she under her horse;
heard, in how miry a place: how
how he left her with the horse
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Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; — how now, you; — what, you; — fellow, you; — and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not, — Cock's passion, silence! — I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? ——
All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here Sir.
Pet. Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here,
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? —
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Here, Sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson mal
drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully m
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the h
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gr
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet yo
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper i
[*Exeunt some of the* Ser
Where the life that late I led [
Where are those —— Sit down, Kate, and wel
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, *with supper.*

Why, when, I say? — Nay, good sweet Kate, be
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; W
It was the friar of orders grey, (
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the othe
[*Stri*
Be merry, Kate: — Some water, here; wha
Where's my spaniel Troilus? — Sirrah, ge

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: —
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. —
Where are my slippers? — Shall I have some water?
[*A basin is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily: —
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks sweet Kate; or else shall I? — What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat: What dogs are these? — Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, etc. about the stage.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmannerd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet; The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away; And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger; And better 'twere, that both of us did fast, — Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick, — Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended, And, *for this night*, we'll fast for company: —

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? —
All Serv. Here, here, Sir; here Sir.
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And serve it thus to me that love it not?
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[*Throws the meat, etc. about the stage.*
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What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
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For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast, —
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick, —
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company: —

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, — to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: —
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake:
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—
at knows better how to tame a shrew,
let him speak; 'tis charity, to show. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

a. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
n fancy any other but Lucentio?
I you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.
or. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
d by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

uc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?
ian. What, Master, read you? first, resolve me that.
uc. I read that I profess, the art to love.
ian. And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!
uc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heard. [*They retire.*
'or. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
t that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
'ra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
ll thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
for. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
: a musician, as I seem to be;
t one that scorn to live in this disguise,
r such a one as leaves a gentleman,
d makes a god of such a cullion:
w, Sir, that I am call'd — Hortensio.
a. *Signior Hortensio*, I have often heard
ur entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her *lig*
I will with you, — if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! — *Si*
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow —
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entr
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court hi

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had
forsworn!
For me, — that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio, —
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love: — and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO. — LUCENTIO *and* BI
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such gr
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both
sworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. *I'faith*, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. *God give him joy!*

Tra. *Ay*, and he'll tame her.

ıa. He says so, Tranio.
. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
ıa. The taming-school! what, is there such a
place?
. Ay, Mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, —
ne a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running*.

n. O Master, Master, I have watch'd so long
'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
ıcient angel coming down the hill,
serve the turn.
. What is he, Biondello?
n. Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
w not what; but formal in apparel,
t and countenance surely like a father.
. And what of him, Tranio?
. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
ike him glad to seem Vincentio;
ive assurance to Baptista Minola,
he were the right Vincentio.
n your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

. God save you, Sir!
. And you, Sir! you are welcome.
you far on, or are you at the furthest?
Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
en up further; and as far as Rome;
) to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
What countryman, I pray?
Of Mantua.
Of Mantua, Sir? — marry, God forbid!
ne to Padua, careless of your life?

. My life, Sir! how I pray? for that goes hard.
. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
me to Padua; Know you not the cause?
ships are staid at Venice; and the Duke
rivate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
arvel; but that you're but newly come,
night have heard it else proclaim'd about.
. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
have bills for money by exchange
Florence, and must here deliver them.
. Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
will I do, and this will I advise you; —
tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
. Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
renowned for grave citizens.
. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
. I know him not, but I have heard of him,
rchant of incomparable wealth.
. He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
untenance somewhat doth resemble you.
n. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [*Aside.*
. To save your life in his extremity,
favour will I do you for his sake;
hink it not the worst of all your fortunes,
you are like to Sir Vincentio.
ame and credit shall you undertake,
n my house you shall be friendly lodg'd; —
, that you take upon you as you should;
nderstand me, Sir; — so shall you stay
ou have done your business in the city:
s be courtesy, Sir, accept of it.
. O, Sir, I do; and will repute you e
atron of my life and liberty.
. *Then go* with me, to make the ma

by the way, I let you understand; —
ther is here look'd for every day,
se assurance of a dower in marriage
t me and one Baptista's daughter here:
these circumstances I'll instruct you:
ith me, Sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
(*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life
h. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
, did he marry me to famish me?
rs, that come unto my father's door,
entreaty, have a present alms;
, elsewhere they meet with charity:
, — who never knew how to entreat,
ever needed that I should entreat, —
arv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
hat which spites me more than all these wants,
es it under name of perfect love;
ıo should say, — if I should sleep, or eat,
e deadly sickness, or else present death, —
thee go, and get me some repast;
not what, so it be wholesome food.
. What say you to a neat's foot?
h. 'Tis passing good; I prythee let me have it.
. *I fear*, it is too cholerick a meat:
ıy you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
. *I like* it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mu
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a lit
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the musta
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall ha
mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing tho
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
[*Beat*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a dish of meat;* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting
amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully up
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it
And all my pains is sorted to no proof: —
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. Pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with th
And so shall mine, before you touch the r
Kath. I thank you, Sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame:
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.
[*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, Sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish; fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*
Kath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will *break*;
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: Come, tailor, let us see
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown
[*Aside*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee

Tai. She says, your Worship means to make
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant

I so be-mete thee with thy yard,
shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
:, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
'our Worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
y master had direction:
;ave order how it should be done.
: gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.
ut how did you desire it should be made?
Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.
ut did you not request to have it cut?
Thou hast faced many things.
have.
'ace not me: thou hast brav'd many men;
me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
) thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown;
not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
:ad it.
'he note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.
iprimis, a loose-bodied gown:
Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
n the skirts of it, and beat me to death
ttom of brown thread: I said, a gown.
'oceed.
ith a small compass'd cape;
confess the cape.
ith a trunk sleeve;
confess two sleeves.
ie sleeves curiously cut.
r, there's the villainy.
rror i'the bill, Sir; error i'the bill. I com-
e sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up
! that I'll prove upon thee, though thy
be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, Sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use!

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words: Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it upon me:

rolick; we will hence for
rt us at thy father's house
, and let us straight to h
orses unto Long-lane en
ount, and thither walk o
, 'tis now some seven o'
y come there by dinner ti
ssure you, Sir, 'tis almos
pper time, ere you come t
e seven, ere I go to horse
eak, or do, or think to d
ssing it. —— Sirs, let's al
day; and ere I do,
o'clock I say it is.
o! this gallant will commar

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's *House*

, *and the* Pedant *dres*.

VINCENTIO.

s is the house; Please it
I call?
at else? and, but I be det
may remember me,
rs ago, in Genoa, where
at the Pegasus.
l;
wn, in any case, with s
geth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

you: But, Sir, here cow
were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you =
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
Bion. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista; — set your countenance, Sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met: —
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.)
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, son! —
Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, — for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, — to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, — if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, — upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say; —
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

d, therefore, if you say no more than this, —
it like a father you will deal with him,
d pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
: match is fully made, and all is done:
ur son shall have my daughter with consent.
ra. I thank you, Sir. Where then do you know
best,
be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
shall with either part's agreement stand?
ap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
chers have ears, and I have many servants:
ides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
d, happily, we might be interrupted.
ra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, Sir:
re doth my father lie; and there, this night,
'll pass the business privately and well:
d for your daughter by your servant here,
boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
worst is this, — that, at so slender warning,
t're like to have a thin and slender pittance.
ap. It likes me well: — Cambio, hie you home,
l bid Bianca make her ready straight;
l, if you will, tell what hath happened: —
:entio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
l how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
ue. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!
ra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
nior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
lcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
ie, Sir; we'll better it in Pisa.
ap. I follow you.

(*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.

ion. Cambio. ——
ue. What say'st thou, Biondello?
on. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
e. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then? —

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum:* to the church; — take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir; and so adieu, Sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

C E N E V.

A public Road.

CHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

)n, o'God's name; once more toward our
father's.
)w bright and goodly shines the moon!
noon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
it is the moon that shines so bright.
ow, it is the sun that shines so bright,
by my mother's son, and that's myself,
on, or star, or what I list,
ey to your father's house: —
·tch our horses back again. —
st, and crost; nothing but crost!
; he says, or we shall never go.
ward, I pray, since we have come so far,
)n, or sun, or what you please:
ease to call it a rush candle,
row it shall be so for me.
it is the moon.
ow it is.
hen you lie; it is the blessed sun.
), God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
ıot, when you say it is not;
ı changes, even as your mind.
ıl have it nam'd, even that it is;
ıl be so, for Katharine.
chio, go thy ways; the field is won.
forward, forward: thus the bowl
should run,
ckily against the bias. —
t company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good-morrow, gentle Mistress: Where away? —
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? —
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee: —
Sweet Kate; embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair Sir, — and you my merry Mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd — Vincentio; my dwelling — Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

t. What is his name?
i. Lucentio, gentle Sir.
t. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
now by law, as well as reverend age,
entitle thee — my loving father;
sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
ion by this hath married: Wonder not,
be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
lowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
e, so qualified as may beseem
spouse of any noble gentleman.
ne embrace with old Vincentio:
wander we to see thy honest son,
will of thy arrival be full joyous.
i. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
pleasant travellers, to break a jest
i the company you overtake?
r. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
t. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
ur first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

r. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
to my widow; and if she be froward,
hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's *House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, Sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the marketplace;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, Sir?

Ped. He's within, Sir, but not to be spoken with.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved. —— Do you hear, Sir? to leave frivolous

cumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping! —— But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* BIOND.

Bion. I hope, I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? (*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. (*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

(*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Prythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. (They retire.

Re-enter Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* *Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir? nay, what are you, Sir?—— O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—— O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, Sir; you mistake, Sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is — Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—— Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name:— O, my son, my son! — tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: (*Enter one with an* Officer.) carry this mad knave to the gaol: — Father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre

Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be co-
h'd in this business; I dare swear, this is the
ncentio.
Swear, if you dar'st.
Nay, I dare not swear it.
Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.
Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.
Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.
Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd: —
rous villain!

r BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

O, we are spoiled, and — Yonder he is;
n, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*
Lives my sweetest son?
BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*
Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*
How hast thou offended? —
is Lucentio?
Here's Lucentio,
on unto the right Vincentio;
ve by marriage made thy daughter mine,
counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.
Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
c'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
ie, exchange my state with Tranio,
ie did bear my countenance in the town;
ppily I have arriv'd at last
e *wished haven* of my bliss: —
anio did, myself enforc'd him to;
lon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would *have* sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear Sir? [*To* LUCENTIO.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest; Out of hope of all, — but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: — Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? — Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *House.*

A Banquet set out. *Enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and Others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree; And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown. — My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Pap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeared.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense; I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! — How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round: I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning,

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. *To her, Kate!*

Hor. *To her, widow!*

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: — Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt: an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow: —
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say — no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient

t first when he doth send for her,
the wager which we will propose.
ntent; —— What is the wager?
wenty crowns,
wenty crowns!
e so much on my hawk, or hound,
r times so much upon my wife.
huhdred then.
ntent.
match; 'tis done.
ho shall begin?
iat will I. Go,
bid your mistress come to me.
go. [*Exit.*
n, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
I have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

! what news?
ir, my mistress sends you word
busy, and she cannot come.
w! she is busy, and she cannot come!
nswer?
, and a hind one too:
Sir, your wife send you not a worse:
ope, better.
rah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
) me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
ho! entreat her!
she needs must come.
m afraid, Sir,
ou can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

's my wife?
says, you have some goodly jest in hand:
come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not come.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion. —

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty,
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall; — and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience; —

Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And, not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? —
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot:
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! — Come on, and kiss me Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed: —
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'was I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To* LUCENTIO.
nd, being a winner, God give you good night!
(*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. (*Exeunt.*

INTER'S TALE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Mamillius, *his son.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his son.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, etc.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed, ——

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot *praise us, as little* accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me. I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be filled up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, Sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
To borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord. — You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam,

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day.
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those *unfledg'd days* was my wife a girl;

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your Queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my Lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal; —
My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed. —

n now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
r ever earn'd a royal husband;
for some while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.
oo hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
friendship far, is mingling bloods.
sor cordis on me: — my heart dances;
r joy, — not joy. — This entertainment
face put on; derive a liberty
iness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
ecome the agent: it may, I grant:
addling plams, and pinching fingers,
ey are; and making practis'd smiles,
king glass; — and then to sigh, as'twere
'the deer; O, that is entertainment
likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,
y boy?
y, my good Lord.
fecks?
s my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose? —
t's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
e neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain;
steer, the heifer, and the calf,
'd, neat. — Still virginalling
Observing POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
alm? — How now, you wanton calf?
y calf?
es, if you will, my Lord.
hou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,
ike me: — yet, they say, we are
ike as eggs; women say so,
y any thing: But were they false
blacks, as wind, as waters; false
o be wish'd, by one that fixes

No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it *tru*
To say, this boy were like me. — Come, *sir*
Look on me with your welkin-eye: Sweet vil
Most dear'st! my collop! — Can thy dam? —
be?
Affection! thy intention stabs the center:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams; — (How can this *be*
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou d
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my Lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my Lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest. —

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*] — Looking on the
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman: — Mine honest fi
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dol
My brother

re you so fond of your young Prince, as we
lo seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
le's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
ow my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
ly parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
'e makes a July's day short as December;
nd, with his varying childness, cures in me
houghts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
ffic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
nd leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
ow thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
et what is dear in Sicily; be cheap:
ext to thyself, and my young rover, he's
pparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
Ve are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
e you beneath the sky: — I am angling now,
hough you perceive me not how I give line.
o to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
ow she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man. —
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. — How cam't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;

› it is, it is not. Was this taken
y understanding pate but thine?
ıy conceit is soaking, will draw in
than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,
f the finer natures? by some severals,
ıd-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
ınce, are to this business purblind: say.
s. Business, my Lord? I think, most understand
ıia stays here longer.
ı. Ha?
s. Stays here longer.
ı. Ay, but why?
s. To satisfy your Highness, and the entreaties
r most gracious mistress.
ı. Satisfy
ıtreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
ıt suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
ıll the nearest things to my heart, as well
ımber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
eans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
nitent reform'd: but we have been
'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
which seems so.
Be it forbid, my Lord?
. To bide upon't; — Thou art not honest: or,
inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
boxes honesty behind, restraining
ourse requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
nt, grafted in my serious trust,
ɜrein negligent; or else a fool,
ɜst a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
ı'st it all for jest.
My gracious Lord,
negligent, foolish, and fearful;
one of these no man is free,
his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheeck to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

hter with a sigh? (a note infallible
king honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
ig in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
ie pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
ould unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
hen the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
vering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
e is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
be nothing.

Good my Lord, be cur'd
diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
most dangerous.

. Say, it be; 'tis true.

No, no, my Lord.

. It is; you lie, you lie:
hou liest Camillo, and I hate thee;
nce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave:
a hovering temporizer, that
vith thine eyes at once see good and evil;
ng to them both: Were my wife's liver
l as her life, she would not live
nning of one glass.

Who does infect her?

. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
his neck, Bohemia: Who, — if I
ervants true about me; that bare eyes
alike mine honour as their profits,
)wn particular thrifts, — they would do that
. should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
p-bearer, — whom I, from meaner form
ench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
am galled, — might'st bespice a cup,
' *mine* enemy a lasting wink;
draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not wo
Maliciously, like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, ——

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spott
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o'the Prince my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highne
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for seal
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemi
And with your Queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

. I'll do't, my Lord.
. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [*Exit.*
. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
d Polixenes: and my ground to do't
obedience to a master; one,
in rebellion with himself, will have
it are his, so too. — To do this deed,
tion follows: If I could example
usands, that had struck anointed Kings,
ourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
ass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
llainy itself forswear't. I must
e the court: to do't or no, is certain
a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
omes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

This is strange! methinks,
our here begins to warp. Not speak? —
lay, Camillo.
. Hail, most royal Sir!
What is the news i'the court?
. None rare, my Lord.
The King hath on him such a countenance,
had lost some province, and a region,
as he loves himself: even now I met him
customary compliment: when he,
ig his eyes to the contrary, and falling
of much contempt, speeds from me; and
es me, to consider what is breeding,
hanges thus his manners.
I dare not know, my Lord.
How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped
better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle, — I beseech you
I you know aught which does behove my kn
ledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof
least
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. ***Sir, I'll tell you;***

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by h
That I think honourable: Therefore,
counsel
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd,
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and n
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confid
swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, — that you have touch'd his
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse that the great'st infecti
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
Each particular star in heaven, and
All their influences, you may as well
Bid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis saf
To avoid what's grown, than question how 'ti
Before you dare trust my honesty, —

That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service; which are here
By this discovery lost. By not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth. thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. —— This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour: come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

nter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

r. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
past enduring.
Lady. Come, my gracious Lord.
l I be your play-fellow?
am. No, I'll none of you.
Lady. Why, my sweet Lord?
am. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
re a baby still. — I love you better.
Lady. And why so, my good Lord?
am. Not for because
r brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
me some women best; so that there be not
much hair there, but in a semicircle,
alf-moon made with a pen.
Lady. Who taught you this?
am. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray
now
at colour are your eye-brows?
Lady. Blue, my Lord.
am. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose
t has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
Lady. Hark ye:
Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
ent our services to a fine new Prince,
of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
e would have you.
Lady. She is spread of late
a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
er. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, Sir;
now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, Sir.
Come on, sit down: — Come on, and do your b
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerfula
Mam. There was a man, ——
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; I will tell
softly:
You crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Oth*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillow
him?
1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met th
never
Saw I men scour so on their way; I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge! — How accurs'd,
In being so blest! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sid
With violent hefts: — I have drank, and seen
spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:

is a plot against my life, my crown;
me, that is mistrusted: — that false villain,
I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him;
discover'd my design, and I
a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
em to play at will: — How came the posterns
ily open?
ord. By his great authority;
1 often hath no less prevail'd than so,
ir command.
t. I know't too well. —
ne the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
h he does bear some signs of me, yet you
oó much blood in him.
What is this? sport?
t. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
with him: — and let her sport herself
that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
ade the swell thus.
But I'd say, he had not,
'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
er you lean to the nayward.
t. You, my Lords,
on her, mark her well; be but about
, *she is a goodly lady*, and
stice of your hearts, will thereto add,
ity, she's not honest, honourable:
her but for this her without-door form,
h, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
rug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
alumny doth use: — O, I am out,
ercy does: for calumny will sear
itself: — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
ou have said, she's goodly, come between,

Ere you can say she's honest: But it be known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should
She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the Prince and beggar! — I have said,
She's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. —— Away with her to prison
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. *There's some ill planet reigns:*
I must be patient, till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable. — Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; — and so
The King's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? — 'beseech your Highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my Lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall —— My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* LADIES.

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your Highness, call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir; lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your Queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my Lord, —
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you to accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my Lord, —

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the vill
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine hon
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: the are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease: no more,
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus: and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my L
Upon this ground: and more it would content m
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodne
Imparts this: which, — if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,

ruth, like us; inform yourselves,
10 more of your advice: the matter,
he gain, the ordering on't, is all
urs.
id I wish, my Liege,
nly in your silent judgement tried it,
iore overture.
low could that be?
a art most ignorant by age,
ert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
heir familiarity,
as as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
sight only, nought for approbation,
eing, all other circumstances
the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
greater confirmation,
1 act of this importance, 'twere
is to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
and Dion, whom you know
ufficiency: Now, from the oracle
ring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
or spur me. Have I done well?
Well done, my Lord.
hough I am satisfied, and need no more
I know, yet shall the oracle
the minds of others; such as he,
rant credulity will not
the truth: So have we thought it good,
rce person she should be confin'd;
ie treachery of the two, fled hence,
to perform. Come, follow us;
peak in publick; for this business
is all.
ide.] To laughter, as I take it,
ruth were known. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, — call to h
[*Exit an Atten*
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good L
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Keep. I may not, Madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors? — Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So please you, Madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt* A
Keep. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit* K
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?
l. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
old together: On her frights, and griefs,
ch never tender lady hath borne greater,)
, something before her time, deliver'd.
l. A boy?
l. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
, and like to live: the Queen receives
comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
innocent as you.
l. I dare be sworn: —
dangerous unsafe lunes o' the King! beshrew
them!
st be told on't, and he shall! the office
es a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
ove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
ever to my red-look'd anger be
umpet any more; — Pray you, Emilia,
end my best obedience to the Queen;
dares trust me with her little babe,
ow't the King, and undertake to be
vocate to th' loudest: We do not know
e may soften at the sight o' the child;
lence often of pure innocence
des, when speaking fails.
l. Most worthy Madam,
onour, and your goodness, is so evident,
our free undertaking cannot miss
ving issue: there is no lady living,
t for this great errand: Please your Ladyship
t the next room, I'll presently
mt the Queen of your most noble offer;
but to-day, hammer'd of this design:
rst not tempt a minister of honour,
e should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen: Please you, come something nearer.
Keep. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, Sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.
Keep. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeu*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being; — part o'the
She, the adulteress: — for the harlot King
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the bla
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but
I can hook to me: Say, that she were

to the fire, a moiety of my rest
come to me again. — Who's there?
ten. My Lord? [*advancing.*
l. How does the boy?
ten. He took good rest to-night;
p'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
l. To see,
bleness!
iving the dishonour of his mother,
ight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
ight languish'd. — Leave me solely: go,
w he fares. [*Exit* Attend.] — Fie, fie! no
thought of him;—
ry thought of my revenges that way
upon me: in himself too mighty;
a his parties, his alliance, — Let him be,
a time may serve: for present vengeance,
t on her. Camillo and Polixenes
at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
hould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
he, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

ord. You must not enter.
l. Nay, rather, good my Lords, be second to
me:
on his tyrannous passion more, alas,
the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
free, than he is jealous.
. That's enough.
tten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded
hould come at him.
Not so hot, good Sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humo
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord; but needful conf
About some gossips for your Highness.

Leon. How? —
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come abou
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust i
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come, —
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: — I say, I com
From your good Queen.

Leon. Good Queen!

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord, good Queen,
good Quee

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
irst hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
ut, first, I'll do mine errand — The good Queen,
or she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
ere 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*
eon. Out!
nankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
nost intelligencing bawd!
aul. Not so:
ı as ignorant in that, as you
o entitling me: and no less honest
ı you are mad; wich is enough, I'll warrant,
ıis world goes, to pass for honest.
on. Traitors!
you not push her out? Give her the bastard: —
, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-
tir'd, unroosted
dame Partlet here, — take up the bastard;
up, I say; give't to thy crone.
'. For ever
'rable be thy hands, if thou
p the Princess, by that forced baseness
he has put upon't?
He dreads his wife.
So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past
all doubt,
l your children yours.
A nest of traitors!
am none, by this good light.
Vor I; nor any,
ıat's here, and that's himself: for he
ıonour of himself, his Queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — That brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my Lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: —
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! —
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unna
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not ca
Cut this most cruel usage of your Qu
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fanc
sav
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make y
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I
Where were her life? she durst not c
If she did know me one. Away witl
Paul. I pray you, do not push me
Look to your babe, my Lord; 'tis yo
her
A better guiding spirit! — What need
You, that are thus so tender o'er his f
Will never do him good, not one of
So, so: — Farewell; we are gone.
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on
this
My child? away with't! — even thou
A heart so tender o'er it, take it henc
And see it instantly consum'd with fi
Even thou, and none but thou. Take
Within this hour bring me word 'tis
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seiz
With what thou else call'st thine: If
And wilt encounter with my wrath,
The bastard brains with these my pr
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they plea
Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* Beseech your Highness, give us
credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and besee
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we be
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change th
pose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that bl
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. — You, Sir, come you hi
[*To* ANTI
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: — for 'tis a bastard
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will y
venture
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this s
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see
the
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-ton
Whom, for this time, we pardon. W
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou
This female bastard hence; and that th
To some remote and desert place, quit
Of our dominions; and that there tho
Without more mercy, to its own prot
And favour of the climate. As by stra
It came to us, I do in justice charge th
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's to
That thou commend it strangely to so
Where chance may nurse, or end it:
Ant. I swear to do this: though a p
Had been more merciful. — Come on
Some powerful spirit instruct the kite
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears
Casting their savageness aside, have d
Like offices of pity. —— Sir, be pros
In more than this deed does require!
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit, w*
Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1. *Attend.* Please your Highness, p
From those you sent to the oracle, are
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are
Hasting to the court.
1. *Lord.* So please you, Sir, their s
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good s

The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lord
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*E*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street in some tow

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most s
Fertile the isle; temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the rev
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, — O, be't so
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,

So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge. — Go, — fresh horses; —
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
ren pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
e daughter of a King; our wife; and one
us too much belov'd. — Let us be clear'd
being tyrannous, since we so openly
eed in justice; which shall have due course,
to the guilt, or the purgation. —
ice the prisoner.
It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
r in person here in court. — Silence!

ONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

Read the indictment.
Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes,
Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraign-*
h treason, in committing adultery with
King of Bohemia; *and conspiring with*
take away the life of our sovereign

lord the King
whereof being
thou, Hermio
giance of a
them, for t
night.

Her. Since
Which contra
The testimony
But what com
To say, *Not g*
Being counted
Be so receiv'd.
Behold our hu
I doubt not th
False accusatio
Tremble at pat
(Who least w
Hath been as
As I am now
Than history
And play'd, to
A fellow of th
A moiety of th
The mother to
To prate and
Who please to
As I weigh gri
'Tis a derivati
And only that
To your own
Came to your
How merited
With what en
Have strain'd,
The bound of

That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I unterstand not:
My life *stands in* the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;

Yo had a bastard by
And I but dream'd it:
(Those of your fact ar
Which to deny, conc
For as
Thy brat hath been ca
No father owning it,
More criminal in thee
Shalt feel our justice;
Look for no less than
Her. Sir, spare you
The bug, which you v
To me can life be no
The crown and comfo
I do give lost; for I d
But know not how it
And first-fruits of my
I am barr'd, like one i
Starr'd most unluckily
The innocent milk in
Haled out to murder:
Proclaim'd a strumpet;
The child-bed privileg
To women of all fashi
Here to this place, i'll
I have got strength of
Tell me what blessing
That I should fear to d
But yet hear this; mist
I prize it not a straw:
(Which I would free;
Upon surmises; all pro
But what your jealousi
'Tis rigour, and not la
I do refer me to the or
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Offic

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The fatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DIO

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brou
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaste*, Polixe *blameless*, Camillo *a true subject*, Leonte *a je ous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotte and the King shall live without an heir, if th which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my Lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My Lord the King, the King!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The Prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*]
How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: — Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover. —
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion: —
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my Queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: — How he glisters

;h my rust! and how his piety
· deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Woe the while!
ıy lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
o!

d. What fit is this, good Lady?

What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
heels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
, or oils? what old, or newer torture
eceive; whose every word deserves
of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
: working with thy jealousies, —
too weak for boys, too green and idle
; of nine! — O, think, what they have done,
ı run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
one fooleries were but spices of it.
ı betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
.but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
ınable ungrateful: nor was't much,
ould'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
him kill a King; poor trespasses,
ınstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
ing forth to crows thy baby daughter,
r none, or little; though a devil
have shed water out of fire, ere don't;
directly laid to thee, the death
oung Prince; whose honourable thoughts
hts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
ıld conceive, a gross and foolish sire
'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
thy answer: But the last, — O, Lords,
have said, cry, woe! — the Queen, the
Queen,

The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir; forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen, — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

I'll not remember you of mine own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child; and a* Mariner

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! — Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not

Too far i'the land: 'tis
Besides, this place is f
Of prey, that keep upc
Ant. Go thou away
I'll follow instantly,
Mar. I am glad at
To be so rid o'the bus
Ant. Come, poor b
I have heard, (but nc

May walk again: if su
Appear'd to me last ni
So like a waking. To
Sometimes her head o
I never saw a vessel o
So fill'd, and so becom
Like very sanctity, sh
My cabin where I lay:
And, gasping to begir
Became two spouts: th
Did this break from h
Since fate, against t
Hath made thy pers
Of my poor babe, ac
Places remote enoug
There weep, and le

Is counted lost for ev
I pr'ythee, call't: for
Put on thee by my lo
Thy wife Paulina *mor*
She melted into air. *A*
I did in time collect m
This was so, and no s
Yet, for this once, ye
I will be squar'd by th

mione hath suffer'd death; and that
ollo would, this being indeed the issue
King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
her for life, or death, upon the earth
its right father. —— Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
ere lie; and there thy character: there these;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
nich may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
d still rest thine. —— The storm begins; — Poor wretch,
at, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
loss, and what may follow! — Weep I cannot,
t my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
be by oath enjoin'd to this. —— Farewell!
e day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
ullaby too rough: I never saw
e heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour? —
ell may I get aboard! —— This is the chace;
m gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

hep. I would, there were no age between ten
d three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out
rest: for there is nothing in the between but
ting-wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,
aling, fighting. —— Hark you now! — Would
r but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-
d-twenty, hunt this weather? There have scared
ay two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf
ll sooner find, than the master: if any where I have
m, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing on ivy. Good
k, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking*
the child.] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty

barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land; — but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast: and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, — To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman: — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap dragon'd it: — but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them; — and how the poor Gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I

saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy: open't. So, let's see; — It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling: — open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go: — Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry; if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, — that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error, —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth: — a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;

et, that Time himself doth say,
earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

e. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

ray thee, good Camillo, be no more im-
: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing;
o grant this.
t is fifteen years, since I saw my country:
have, for the most part, been aired a-
lesire to lay my bones there. Besides, the
King, my master, hath sent for me: to
ling sorrows I might be some allay, or I
:o think so; which is another spur to my

; thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out
of thy services, by leaving me now; the
re of thee, thine own goodness hath made;
to have had thee, than thus to want thee;
ving made me businesses, which none,
hee, can sufficiently manage, must either
:cute them thyself, or take away with thee
services thou hast done: which if I have
h consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to
hankful to thee, shall be my study; and
therein, the heaping friendships. Of that
itry Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose
ng punishes me with the remembrance of
ent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled
brother; whose loss of his most precious
id children, are even now to be afresh
Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince

Florizel my so
issue not bein
them, when th
Cam. Sir, it
What his hap
known: but I
much retired f
princely exerci
Pol. I consi
some care; so
vice, which
whom I have
from the hous
they say, that
imagination of
speakable estat
Cam. I have
hath a daughte
is extended m
from such a co
Pol. That's I
I fear the angl
shalt accompa
not appearing
with the sheph
not uneasy to
ther. Pry'thee,
and lay aside th
Cam. I willi
Pol. My best
selves.

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer, —
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale. —
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants. —
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay: —
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With

die, and drab, I pu
revenue is the silly
too powerful on th
ing, are terrors to
out the thought of

Clown. Let me s
every tod yields —
hundred shorn, —

Aut. If the sprin

Clown. I canno
me see; what am
feast? *Three pou*
rants; rice —— W
with rice? But my
the feast, and she
and twenty noseg
song-men all, and
of them means an
them, and he sin
have *saffron* to c
dates, — none; t
seven; a race, o
may beg; — *four*
of raisins o'the su

Aut. O, that ev

Clown. I the na

Aut. O, help m
rags; and then, de

Clown. Alack,
rags to lay on thee

Aut. O, Sir, t

me more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which i
mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beati
may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mon
and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestal
things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by t
garments he hath left with thee; if this be a hor
man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend
thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.
[*Helping him u*

Aut. O! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, S
my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; [*picks his pocket.*] go
Sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a lit
money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no', I beseech you, S
I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a m
hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there ha
money, or any thing I want: Offer me no mon
I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he th
robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to
about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a s
vant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir,
which of his virtues it was, but he was cert
whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! — [*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my *name* put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
lo give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
eering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
as a meeting of the petty gods.
nd you the Queen on't.
Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
) chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
ie gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
ith a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
ost goddesslike prank'd up: But that our feasts
every mess have folly, and the feeders
gest it with a custom, I should blush
see you so attired; sworn, I think,
shew myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
hen my good falcon made her flight across
y father's ground
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
th not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
think, your father, by some accident,
uld pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
v would he look, to see his work, so noble,
ly bound up? What would he say? Or how

Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle:
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised;* Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, Sir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day: — You're welcome, Sir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend Sirs
For you there's rosemary, and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(*A fair one are you,*) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, —
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
Whit great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age; You are very welcome.

. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
ıly live by gazing.
Out, alas!
be so lean, that blasts of January
l blow you through and through. —— Now,
my fairest friend,
d, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
e your time of day; and yours, and yours;
rear upon your virgin branches yet
aaidenheads growing: — O Proserpina,
e flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
Dis's waggon! daffodils,
ome before the swallow dares, and take
inds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
reeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
herea's breath; pale primroses,
ie unmarried, ere they can behold
Phoebus in his strength, a malady
ucident to maids; bold oxlips, and
own-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
rwer-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
se you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
rw him o'er and o'er.
What? like a corse?
No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
e a corse: or if, — not to be buried,
nick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:
ıks, I play as I have seen them do
itsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
hange my disposition.
What you do,
ıtters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
e you do it ever: when you sing,
e you buy and sell so; so give alms;
; and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. — But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with. —

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners. —
Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what

Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O Master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildo's and *fadings*: jump her and *thump her*; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul

nto the matter, he makes the maid to answ
op, *do me no harm, good man;* puts him o
is him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, goo*

l. This is a brave fellow.

wn. Believe me, thou talkest of an admira ble
ried fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

r. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rain
; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
earnedly handle, though they come to him by
oss; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why,
ngs them over, as they were gods or goddesses;
would think, a smock were a she-angel; he so
ts to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the
e on't.

wn. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him
ach singing.

r. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
ls in his tunes.

wn. You have of these pedlers, that have more
m than you'd think, sister.

r. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Cloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, etc.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou hould'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd s I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands nd gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but hey come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or here be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: nay be, he has paid you more; which will shame ou to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? vill they wear their plackets, where they should ear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when ou are going to bed, or kilnhole, to whistle off ese secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before l our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a vdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd the way, and lost all my money?

ut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad; efore it behoves men to be wary.

own. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose no- ; here.

t. I hope so, Sir; for I have about me many ls of charge.

wn. What hast here? ballads?

?. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in a'life; for then we are sure they are true.

Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a wife was brought to bed of twenty money- a burden: and how she long'd to eat adders nd toads carbonado'd.

Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? M. O, whither? D. Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either thou dost ill.
A. Neither. D. What neither! A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: — Pedler, let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's wear-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are

o'the mind; (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already: — I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danced before the King; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, Sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve rustick habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter. —
Is it not too far gone? — 'Tis time to part them. —
He's simple, and tells much. [*Aside.*] — How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,

But

not deliver'd. — O, hear me breath my life
ore this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
h sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
t's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.
'ol. What follows this? —
w prettily the young swain seems to wash
hand, was fair before! — I have put you out: —
, to your protestaion; let me hear
at you profess.
'lo. Do, and be witness to't.
'ol. And this my neighbour too?
'lo. And he, and more
an he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
at, — were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
ereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
at ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
re than was ever man's, — I would not prize them,
ithout her love: for her, employ them all;
mmend them, and condemn them, to her service,
to their own perdition.
'ol. Fairly offer'd.
'am. This shows a sound affection.
'hep. But, my daughter,
you the like to him?
'er. I cannot speak
well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
e purity of his.
'hep. Take hands, a bargain; —
d, *friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't*
ve my daughter to him, and will make
portion equal his.

Flo. O, tha
I the virtue of
I shall have m
Enough then
Contract us f
Shep. Com
And, daughte
Pol. Soft,
Have you a fat
Flo. I have
Pol. Know
Flo. He nei
Pol. Methi
Is, as the nup
That best beco
Is not your fa
Of reasonable
With age, an

Know man fr
Lies he not b
But what he
Flo. No, g
He has his he
Than most ha
Pol. By my
You offer him
Something un
Should choos
The father, (a
But fair poste
In such a busi
Flo. I yield
But, for some
Which 'tis not
My father of t

Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come he must not: —
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect's a sheep-hook! — Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. — And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with; ——
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. — For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court — Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it:— And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee, — if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. — Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. — O Sir,
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust. — O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the Prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him. — Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, — which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him; — and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
think, Camillo.
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?
Flo. I cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! — Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When *he shall* miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To *see him any* more,) cast your good counsels
On his passion; Let myself, and fortune,

Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* CAMILLO.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may please to think I love the King;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her:
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, — if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; — Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair Princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she shems a mistress
To most that teach.

For. Your pardon, Sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita. ——
But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Cam
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house! — how shall we
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily ——
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fo
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance,
That you may know you shall not want, -
word.
[*They talk*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and t
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, n
riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, hc
ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they thr
who shall buy first; as if my trinkets had b
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buy
by which means, I saw whose purse was best
picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remc
reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenc
's song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, ti
e had both tune and words; which so drew th
est of the herd to me, that all their other sense
uck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket,
s senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece
urse; I would have filed keys off, that hun

chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the King's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here? —— [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, —— why hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold *thee, there's* some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir: — I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? — I smell the trick of it. — [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to you! — you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat: — Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the King [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside; — here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; *those secret* things, all but what she has with her: *This being* done, let the law go whistle, I warrant *you.*

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard,

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: — Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. — [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be know, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clown. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am courtier. See'st thou *not the* air of the court, in these unfoldings? *hath not my* gait in it, the measure of the court? *receives* not thy nose court-odour from me?

reject I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, *thou must know*, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir; about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitae, or some other hot infusion: then raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the King: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs: and, if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close

with him, give him gold; and though an a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the gold: show the inside of your purse to t of his hand, and no more ado: Remembe and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to unde business for us, here is that gold I have: it as much more; and leave this young man till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety: — A party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, Sir: but though m a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd ou

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd' Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We mu King, and show our strange sights: he mu 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister gone else. Sir, I will give you as much a man does, when the business is perform remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before to sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but lo the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, would not suffer me; she drops booties in m *I am courted now with a double occasio and a means to do the Prince my mas which, who knows how that may turn*

advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or, from the all that are, too
To make a perfect woman; sh
Would be unparallell'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so: but thc
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bi
Upon thy tongue, as in my

Say so but seldom.
Cleo. Not at all, good Lady
You might have spoken a t

Have done the time more bene
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor th
Of his most sovereign name; c
What dangers, by his highness
May drop upon his kingdom,
Incertain lookers-on. What w
Than to rejoice, the former Q
What holier, than, — for roya
For present comfort, and for f
To bless the bed of majesty aga
With a sweet fellow to't?
Paul. There is none worthy
Respecting her that's gone. Be
Will have fulfill'd their secret
For has not the divine Apollo
Is't not the tenour of his oracle
That King Leontes shall not ha
Till his lost child be found? w
Is all as monstrous to our hum
As my Antigonus to break his

And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My Lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips, ——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me!*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me; for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals! — fear thou no wife
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my fre
Leon. Never, Paulina; so
Paul. Then, good my Lor

Cleon. You tempt him ove
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her pi
Affront his eye.
Cleon. Good Madam, —
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my Lord will marry,
No remedy, but you will; giv
To choose you a Queen: she s
As was your former; but she
As, walk'd your first Queen'

To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou
Paul. That
Shall be, when your first Que
Never till then.

Enter a Gen

Gent. One that gives out l
Son of Polixenes, with his P
The fairest I have yet beheld,
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he
Like to his father's greatness:
So out of circumstance, and
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, b
By need, and accident. Wha
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd; — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that, which
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are c

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZE
and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedloc
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-on
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you bro
As I did him; and speak of something,
By us perform'd before. Most dearly w
And your fair Princess, Goddess! — O
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and
Might thus have stood, begetting won
You, gracious couple, do! and then I
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whor
Though bearing misery; I desire my lif
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from
Give you all greetings, that a King, at
Can send his brother: and, but infirm
(Which waits upon worn times,) ha
seiz'
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your thron
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he
(He bade me say so,) more than all the
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I ha
stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offic
So rarely kind, are as interpreters

Of my behind-hand slackness! — Welcom
As is the spring to the earth. And hath h
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptu
To greet a man, not worth her pains; mu
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
The noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov

Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence; f
whose d
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we ha
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libia, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst y
Do climate here! You have a holy father
A graceful gentleman; against whose per
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry n
Have left me issueless; and your father's
(As he from heaven merits it,) with y
Worthy his goodness. What might I h
Might I a son and daughter now have
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will b

Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase it seems
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first. —
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

She is,
once she is my wife.
n. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
come on very slowly. I am sorry,
sorry, you have broken from his liking,
e you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
rou might well enjoy her.
Dear, look up:
gh fortune, visible an enemy,
d chase us, with my father; power no jot
she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, Sir,
mber since you ow'd no more to time
I do now: with thought of such affections,
'orth mine advocate; at your request,
ather will grant precious things, as trifles,
n. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
h he counts but a trifle.
il. Sir, my Liege,
eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
your Queen died, she was more worth such gazes
what you look on now.
n. I thought of her,
in these looks I made. — But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
unanswer'd: I will to your father;
honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
friend to them, and you: upon which errand
r go toward him; therefore, follow me,
mark what way I make: Come, good my Lord.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; — But the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration, they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more. — How goes it now, Sir? this news,

which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the King found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione; — her jewel about the neck of it; — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character: — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; — the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings.

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which wi
matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, a
an ear open: He was torn to pieces with
this avouches the shepherd's son; who has n
his innocence (which seems much,) to justi
but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that
knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his
ers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant o
master's death; and in the view of the shepl
that all the instruments, which aided to ex
child, were even then lost, when it was
But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt j
sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had
declined for the loss of her husband;
elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She li
Princess from the earth; and so locks her
bracing, as if she would pin her to her hea
she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was wo
audience of Kings and Princes; for by such
acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of a
that which angled for mine eyes, (caught th
though not the fish,) was, when at the rel
the Queen's death, with the manner how s
to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by th
how attentiveness wounded his daughter: ti
one sign of dolour to another, she did,
alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I
my heart wept blood. Who was most mar
changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowe
the world could have seen it, the woe h
universal.

2. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court

Gent. No: the Princess hearing of her mother's ue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece ny years in doing, and now newly perform'd by at rare Italian master, Julio Romano: who, had himself eternity, and could put breath into his rk, would beguile nature of her custom, so per- tly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done rmione, that, to say, one would speak to her, d stand in hope of answer: thither with all gree- ess of affection, are they gone; and there they end to sup.

Gent. I thought, she had some great matter re in hand; for she hath privately, twice or ice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, ited that removed house. Shall we thither, and th our company piece the rejoicing?

Gent. Who would be thence, that has the efit of access! every wink of an eye, some new ce will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

ut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, eard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: : he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's ghter, (so he then took her to be,) who began be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extre- y of weather continuing, this mystery remained discovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I n the finder-out of this secret, it would not have ish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

come those I have done good to against my

will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, Sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy,

Clown. So you have: — but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father, brother; and then the Prince, my brother, and the Princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the

Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: — And I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. — Hark! the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's *House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house r
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we can
To see the statue of our Queen: your galle
Have we pass'd through, not without muc
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upo
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I kee
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say,
[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and di*
st
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak; — first,
Liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture! —
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, inde
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art sh
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, Paulin
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nor
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's ex
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and r
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? — O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was to sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, alread
What was he, that did make it? — See, my Lo
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that
veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.
Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd
but
I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. — Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chi
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statute move indeed; descend,

ınd take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
Which I protest against,) I am assisted
ly wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
am content to look on: what to speak,
am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
'o make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
ou do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
r those, that think it is unlawful business
am about, let them depart.
Leon. Proceed;
o foot shall stir.
Paul. Musick; awake her: strike. — [*Musick.*
'is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
rike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
l fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
:queath to death your numbness, for from him
ear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs:
[HERMIONE *comes down from the pedestal.*
art not: her actions shall be holy, as,
ou hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
ıtil you see her die again; for then
ou kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
hen she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
she become the suitor.
Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*
this be magick, les it be an art
wful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
ihe pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. *Ay, and make't* manifest where she has liv'd,
how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. *That she is* living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while. —
Please you to interpose, fair Madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing. — Turn, good Lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting* PERDITA, *who kneels to* HERMIONE.

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! — Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I, —
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, — have preserv'd myself,
To see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(*For him*, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband: — Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whose worth, and honesty,

richly noted; and here justify'd
us, a pair of Kings. — Let's from this place. —
hat? — Look upon my brother; — both your
pardons,
at e'er I put between your holy looks
ill suspicion. — This your son-in-law,
d son unto the King, (whom heavens directing,)
roth-plight to your daughter. — Good Paulina,
id us from hence; where we may leisurely
ch one demand, and answer to his part
form'd in this wide gap of time, since first
were dissever'd; Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

A

SELECTION

OF THE

MOST IMPORTANT NOTES

EXTRACTED

FROM

THE BEST COMMENTATORS

TO THE PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME VI.

NOTES TO THE

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*** We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakspeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the

old play: „Read the *Booke of Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath hir." —— I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatik*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse, containing a pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers. Players, Jesters and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions „twoo prose *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: „A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew* — sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe. —— Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptista; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptista to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the testimony of Sir Aston Cockayn. I knew Sir Aston was much acquainted with the writers immediately subsequent to Shakspeare; and I was not inclined to dispute

hority: but how was I surprised, when I found
: Cockayn ascribes nothing more to Shakspeare,
a the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!*
ope this was only a slip of Mr. Capell's memory.
FARMER.

The following is Sir Aston's Epigram:

TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

Shakspeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakspeare fancies
Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

Sir A. Cockayn's Poems, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from
ry commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgement, I own
innot concur with him on the present occasion.
now not to whom I could impute this comedy,
Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand
risible in almost every scene, though perhaps not
evidently as in those which pass between Katha-
e and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might
re been taken from an old story, entitled, *The*
rf lapped in Morells Skin, or The Taming of
Shrew; but I have since discovered among the
ries in the books of the Stationers' Company the
lowing: „Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleasaunt
iceyted hystorie, called, The Taymynge of a
owe." It is likewise entered to Nich. Ling, Jan.
606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the a of the age of Shakspeare, to avail themselves titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. T has observed, Spenser sent out his *Pastorals* the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a which had been printed by Wynken de W and reprinted about twenty years before these of Spenser appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliq Ancient English Poetry*, is of opinion, th *Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fo* an ancient ballad in the Pepy's Collection, have suggested to Shakspeare the Induction f comedy.

Chance, however, has at last furnished m the original to which Shakspeare was indeb his fable; nor does this discovery at all disp to retract my former opinion, which the read find at the conclusion of the notes on this Such parts of the dialogue as our auth immediately imitated, I have occasionally p out; but must refer the reader, who is d to examine the whole structure of the piece, *old Plays on which Shakspeare founde* published by S. Leacroft, at Charing-cross Supplement to our commentaries on Shakspea

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be a sequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's or the Tamer Tam'd;* in which Petruchio dued by a second wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the la William Collins of Chichester, now disperse *a collection* of short comick stories in prose, *ed in* the black letter under the year 1570 *forth* by maister Richard Edwards, mayste *Majesties* revels." Among these tales was T

INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edward's story-book was the immediate source from which Shakspeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who flourished about the year 1580, says, this story was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earliest English original of this story, etc. at the conclusion of the notes on this play.

STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

to the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, etc.
Sly.
A Tapster.
Page, *Players*, *Huntsmen*, etc.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonsus, a merchant of Athens.
Jerobel, Duke of Cestus.

Aurelius, *his son*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the daughters of* Alphonsus.

Valeria, *servant to* Aurelius.
Sander *servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a merchant who personates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonsus.

Tailor, *Haberdasher*, *and servants to* Ferando *and* Alphonsus.
SCENE, Athens; *and sometimes* Ferando's *Country House*.

Page 8, line 7. To *pheese* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze*, for to *harrass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to; „To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare repeats his use of the word in *Troilus and Cressida*, where Ajax says he will *pheese* the pride of Achilles: and Lovewit in *The Alchemist* employs it in the same sense. STEEVENS.

To pheeze a man, is to beat him; *to give him a pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the same signification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: „Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baste one." MALONE.

P. 3, l. 9. — the Slies are no *rogues:*] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakspeare, as appears from the list of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewise mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marston's *Malecontent*. He was also among those to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 11. — *paucas pallabris;*] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burlesque on Hieronymo, which Theobald speaks of in a following note: „What new device have they devised now? *Pocas pallabras.*" In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purse makes use of the same words. Again, they appear in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in some others, but are always appropriated to the lowest characters. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 12. — *let the world slide:*] This expression is proverbial. STEEVENS.

P. 3, l. 14. To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymus. Falstaff says, that „John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshall's men." STEEVENS.

Burst is still used for *broke* in the North of *England.* REED.

P. 5, l. 18. —— *I must go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads:

—— *I must go fetch the* headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *borough*, etc.

STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had pass'd down through all the copies, and none of the editors pretended to guess at the poet's conceit. What an insipid, unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hostess? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough*? The author intended but a poor witticism, and even that is lost. The Hostess would say, that she'd fetch a *constable:* and this officer she calls by his other name, a *Thirdborough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his answer to her. Who does not perceive at a single glance, some conceit started by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term sufficiently explained by the glossaries: and in our statute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it used to signify a *constable*. THEOBALD.

In the Personae Dramatis to Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-constable*, the *petty-constable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as distinct characters. It is difficult to say precisely what the office of a *third-borough* was. STEEVENS.

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil constitution of this country, to be co-extensive with that of the constable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the same with that of *Constable*, except in places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. The *headborough*, *petty constable*

constable and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonson in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the same officer under so many different names. In a book intitled *The Constable's Guide*, etc. 1771, it is said that „there are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our constables; as in *Warwickshire* a *third-borough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. RITSON.

P. 4, l. 5. *Brach Merriman*, — the poor cur is *emboss'd*,] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort against Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv: — „Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed as ye wott well. — And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember she is no bitch but a *brache*."

T. WARTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply some remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints swell'd*. — Perhaps we might read — *bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntsmen; but the present reading may stand. JOHNSON.

Emboss'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word bosse, which signifies a tumour. T. WARTON.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboss'd* means *swelled* in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe*? What has the *imbossing* of a *deer* to do with that of an *hound*? „*Imbossed* sores" occur in *As you like it;* and in the first part of *King Henry IV*, the Prince calls Falstaff „*imboss'd* rascal." RITSON.

P. 5, l. 23. 24. *And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams,*
For he his nothing but a mighty lord.]

I rather think (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakspeare wrote:

And when he says he's poor, *say that he dreams.*

The dignity of a lord is then significantly opposed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. STEEVENS.

If any thing should be inserted: it may be done thus:

And when he says he's Sly, *say that he dreams.*

The likeness in writing of *Sly* and *say* produced the omission. JOHNSON.

This is hardly right: for how should the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly*? STEEVENS.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him.

BLACKSTONE.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is observeable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any supplemental word. In *The Tempest* a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended: — „I should know that voice; it should be ——; but he is drown'd, and these are devils." MALONE.

P. 5, l. 25. *Kindly*, means naturally. M. MASON.

P. 5, l. 27. By *modesty* is meant moderation

without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

P. 6, l. 12. 2 Play. *So pleas[illegible] your Lordship to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

P. 6, last l. but one. Go, sirrah, *take them to the buttery*,] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: „— the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, etc. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 25. It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 5. From the original stage-direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the representation o the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is — „*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, etc." So afterwards at the end of this scene — „*The Presenters* above *speak*." MALONE.

P. 8, l. 10. — a pot of *small ale*.] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationer's Company in *the year 1558*: „For a stande of *small ale*;" *I suppose it was* what we now call *small beer*, no *mention of that liquor* being made on the same books

though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded. STEEVENS.

P. 8, last lines; and P. 9, l. 1—5. Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of *Burton*-heath; etc. etc.] I suspect we should read — *Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries.

T. WARTON.

Burton Dorset is a village in Warwickshire.

RITSON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton* Hastings.

Among Sir A. Cockayn's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickshire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotswold games lived. MALONE.

P. 9, l. 6. *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught* or distracted. See Minsheu's *DICT.* 1617: „*Bestract*, a Lat. distractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." MALONE.

P. 11, l. 4. The *leet* is the Court-Leet, or View of *frank pledge*, held anciently once a year, within

ular hundred, manor, or lordship, before ward of the leet. MALONE.

l. 11. — and old John Naps *of Greece*,] A *Greece*, was a *fat hart. Graisse*, Fr.

aps this expression was used to imply that *Naps* (who might haven been a real charac- s *a fat man:* or as Poins calls the associates taff *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *n* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

old John Naps of Greece, read — *old John* ' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

l. 51. — *Is* not a *commonty* etc.] Thus the ies; the modern ones read — *It* is not a *lity*, etc. *Commonty* for comedy, etc. STEEVENS.

he old play the players themselves use the *mmodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE.

l. 16. — *ingenious* studies,] I rather think written — *ingenuous* studies, but of this and and such observations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

l. 21. *Vincentio his son*, is the same as *Vin- son*, which Mr. Heath not apprehending, posed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It added, that Shakspeare in other places ex- he genitive case in the same improper man- RWHITT.

l. 22. — *to serve all hopes conceiv'd*,] To e expectations of his friends. MALONE.

l. 25. 26. *Virtue, and that part of philosophy Will I apply*,] Sir Thomas Han- d *after him* Dr. Warburton, read — to virtue; erly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, *or apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards used in this scene, and in the same manner, by Tranio. M. MASON.

P. 14, l. 6. Or so devote to *Aristotle's checks,*] The harsh rules of Aristotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions. MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks.* The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

P. 14, l. 10 — *quicken* — i. e. animate.

STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 22. *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit, little,* as if it meant pretty little thing.

JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 30. — will you be *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct.

JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 8. *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned,* as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 19. *Gifts* for *endowments.* MALONE.

P. 16, l. 19 — 21. I cannot conceive whose love Gremio can mean by the words *their love,* as they had been talking of no love but that which they themselves felt for Bianca. We must therefore read, *our* love, instead of *their.* M. MASON.

Perhaps we should read — *Your* love. In the old manner of writing yr stood for either *their* or *your.* The editor of the third folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our.* If *their* love be right, it must mean — *the good* will of Baptista and Bianca towards us.

MALONE

P. 16, l. 25. — I will *wish* him to her father.] I will *recommend* him. REED.

P. 16, l. 28. — *upon advice*, — i. e. on consideration, or reflection. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 17. — Happy man be his *dole*!] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 17. *He that runs fastest, gets the ring.*] An allusion to the sport of running at the ring. DOUCE.

P. 18, l. 3. Affection *is not rated* —] Is not driven out by chiding. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 4. *If love have* touch'd *you*,] The next line from Terence shows that we should read:

If Love hath toyl'd *you*, ——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus es*, *habet*, of the same author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a translation of *captus*, as *toy'ld* would be. M. MASON.

P. 18, l. 5. *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the poet. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 8. — you look'd so *longly* —] i. e. *longingly*. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

P. 18, l. 11. — *the daughter of Agenor* —] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 10. *Basta;*] i. e. *'tis enough;* Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 10. — for *I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 15. *Port*, is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 11. *I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:*] i. e. I fear I was observ'd in the act of killing him. MALONE.

P. 20, l. 32. The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 33. Here in the old copy we have — „The Presenters above speak." — meaning Sly, etc. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words — „Would it were done," the marginal direction is — *They sit and mark.* MALONE.

P. 21, l. 15. Was is the meaning of *rebus'd?* or is it a false print for *abus'd?* TYRWHITT.

P. 21, l. 17. 18. *Gru.* Knock you here etc.] *Grumio's* pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in The Comedy of Errors; and this circumstance makes it the more probable

that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other. MALONE.

P. 21, l. 25. — an you'll not knock, I'll *wring* it;] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 6 — 8. *Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin. If* etc.] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read — *Nay, 'tis no matter what* he leges *in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service. Look you, Sir.* — That is, „'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," etc.

TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this passage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin. M. MASON.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Mason for his hint, which may prove beneficial to me on some future occasion, though at the present moment it will not operate so forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian *appellation, does* not occur to him, or suit the *measure of his verse*, he gives us in its room, „*Sir Vincentio*," and, „*Sir* Lucentio." STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 32. *In a few*, means the same as *in short, in few words.* JOHNSON.

P. 23, l. 12. The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of wooing his song* had been more proper. JONSON.

P. 23, l. 13. Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love,*] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things.*

„39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was so deceived by the lustre and orientness of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, scarfes, laces, gold spangles, and other gawdy devices, that he was ravished overnight, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized. But next morning by light viewing of her before she was so gorgeously trim'd up, she was such a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would say that he had married himself to a stinking house of office, painted over, and set out with fine garments: and so for grief consumed away in melancholy, and at last poysoned himself. *Gomesius, lib. 3. de Sal. Gen. cap.* 22." FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confessione Amantis.* *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended.

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an older narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum.* STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 23. — an *aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive *being, not* exceeding in size the tag of a point. STEEVENS.

.n *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut
he tag of a point or lace. That such figures were
etimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has
ved, by a passage in Mezeray, the French histori-
— „portant meme sur les *aiguillettes* [points]
petites *tetes* de mort." MALONE.

P. 23, l. 25. — *though she have as many diseases two and fifty horses:*] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it. — *The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 52. (*and that is faults enough,*)] And that one is itself a host of faults. MALONE.

P. 25, l. 34. —— *shrewd,*] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

I believe *shrewd* only signifies *bitter; severe*.

STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 21. — *he'll rail in his rope tricks.*] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — *he'll rail in his* rhetorick: *I'll tell you*, etc. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may suppose to mean tricks of wich the contriver would deserve the *rope*.

STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is cerlainly right.— *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are *taught to speak*. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 22. — she *stand* him —] i. e. withstand *resist him*. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 24. 25. — *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:*] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

P. 24, l. 27. *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

P. 24, last l. To *take order* is to *take measures*. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 8. *Seen* is versed, practised. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 23. — see that *at any hand;*] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 18. — and trumpets' *clang?*] Probably the word *clang* is here used adjectively, as in the *Paradise Lost*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

„—— an island salt and bare,
„The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews *clang*." T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is mistaken. *Clang*, as a substantive, is used in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

„I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this house."

The Trumpets' clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet bestowed on those instruments. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 20. — so great a blow to *the ear*,] The old copy reads—to *hear*. STEEVENS.

This aukward phrase could never come from *Shakspeare*. He wrote, without question,

—— *so great a blow* to th' ear. WARBURTON.

P. 27, l. 22. — fear boys with bugs.] i. e. with bug-*bears*. STEEVENS.

28, l. 23. *Gre.* He that has the two fair daughters:
't (*Aside* to TRANIO.) he you mean?] In the old
y, this speech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.
It should rather be given to Gremio; to whom,
h the others, Tranio has addressed himself. The
lowing passages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*
Gre. *Hark you, Sir; you mean not her* too.
TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the pre-
ceding speech is right. Biondello adds to what his
master had said, the words — „He that has the two
fair daughters," to ascertain more precisely the person
for whom he had enquired; and then addresses
Tranio; „is't he you mean?" MALONE.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation.
STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 27. *Please ye we may* contrive *this after-
noon.*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to con-
trive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possess-
es the place* and so alters it to *convive*; in which
he is followed as he pretty constantly is, when
wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common
reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of
the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here
to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*.
WARBURTON.

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in
the *Hecyra* of Terence. „Totum hunc *contrivi*
diem." STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 29. By *adversaries in law*, I believe,
our author means not suitors, but *barristers*, who,
however warm in their opposition to each other in
the *courts* of law, live in greater harmony and
friendship in private, than perhaps those of an
other of the liberal professions. Their clients scold

„eat and drink with their adversaries as friends."
MALONE.

P. 29, l. 31. *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 4. Good sister, *wrong me not, nor wrong yourself*,] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister.
MALONE.

P. 30, l. 7. — *these other* gawds,] The old copy reads — *these other* goods. STEEVENS.

This is so trifling and unexpressive a word, that I am satisfied our auther wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uses and seems fond of. THEOBALD.

P. 30, l. 21. — *to keep you* fair.] I wish to read — *to keep you* fine. But either word may serve.
JOHNSON.

P. 30, last. l. The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

P. 31, l. 10. „To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about Nothing*: „Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell." MALONE.

That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 23. *Baccare!* you are marvellous forward.] *We must* read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians

mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

„*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,
„Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
„*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,
„Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Saws and Adages*; and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

P. 32, l. 26. 28. *I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your wooing. — Neighbour, this is a gift* —] The old copy gives the passage as follows:

I doubt it not, Sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift. —

STEEVENS.

This nonsense may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift*, etc. addressing himself to Baptista. WARBURTON.

P. 32, l. 30. 31. *I freely give unto you this young scholar*,] Our modern editors had been long content with the following sophisticated reading: — *free leave give to this young scholar*, —. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the first folio, which reads — *freely give unto* this young scholar. We should read, I believe —

I freely give unto you *this young scholar*,
That hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
In Greek, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 33, l. 16. In Queen Elizabeth's time th
ladies of quality were usually instructed
learned languages, if any pains were best
their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and he
Queen Elizabeth, etc. are trite instances. P

P. 33, l. 18. *Bap.* Lucentio is your name
should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line
or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. T
supposes they converse privately, and that t
name is learned; but then the action mu
still; for there is no speech interposed betwe
of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another
imagines that Lucentio's name was written
packet of books. MALONE.

P. 33, l. 21. *I know him well;*] It appe
subsequent part of this play, that Baptista
personally acquainted with Vincentio. The
indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista havi
ged together twenty years before at an inn in
but this appears to have been a fiction for the
for when the pretended Vincentio is intr
Baptista expresses no surprise at his not be
same man with whom he had formerly been ac
ed; and, when the real Vincentio appears,
poses him an impostor. The words there
know him well, must mean, „I know well
is." Baptista uses the same words before, s
of Petruchio's father: „I know him well;
welcome for his sake" — where they must h
same meaning; viz. *I know who he was;*
truchio's father is supposed to have died be
commencement of this play. MALONE.

P. 34, l. 2. And every day I cannot come t
This is the burthen of part of an old ballad
The Ingenious Braggadocio:
„*And I* cannot come every day to woo." S

5, l. 6. A *fret* is that stop of a musical instru- which causes or regulates the vibration of the . JOHNSON.

5, l. 16. To *twangle* is a provincial expression, ignifies to flourish capriciously on an instru- , as performers often do after having tuned it, ous to their beginning a regular composition. HENLEY.

twangling Jack is, *mean*, *paltry* lunatist. MALONE.

do not see with Mr. Malone, that *twangling* means „paltry *lunatist*," though it may „paltry *cian*." DOUCE.

6, l. 27. *A joint*-stool.] This is a proverbial ession:

„Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool." STEEVENS.

6, l. 31. No such *jade*,] Perhaps we should — no such *jack*. However there is authority *ade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Per- , Pistol* says of *Basilico*, „He just like a *ht!* He'll *just* like a *jade*." FARMER.

7, l. 5. *Ay, for a turtle;* as *he takes a buz- zard.*] Perhaps we read better —

Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.* is, he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall me a *hawk*. JOHNSON.

7, l. 28. A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited . STEEVENS.

craven was a term also applied to those who in ls of battle became recreant, and by pronounc- his word, called for quarter from their oppo- : the consequence of which was, that they for fter were deemed infamous. REED.

P. 58, l. 26. *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενος ἐπίταγσι of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

P. 59, l. 52. *For patience she will prove a second plaie of Patient Grissel.*] There is a play at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The knowun writer of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

The story of *Grisel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compositions of the Fren Fabliers. DOUCE.

P. 40, l. 13. *Vye and revye* were terms at ca now superseded by the more modern word, *b* Our author has in another place, "time *revys* which has been more unnecessarily altered. words were frequently used in a sense som remote from their original one. In the famou of the seven bishops, the chief justice says must not permit *vying and revying* up another." FARMER.

It appears from a passage in Green's *Tu* that to *vie* was one of the terms used at the *Gleek* — "I *vie* it." — "I'll none of it;" —

Vie and *Revie* were terme at *Prir* fashionable game in our author's time. M P. 40, l. 15. — *'tis a world to see,*] i. e derful to see. This expression is often *old historians* as well as dramatic writers

P. 40, l. 17. A meacock wretch —] i. *dastardly* creature. STEEVENS.

l. 24. — *counterpoints,*] These coverings for re at present called *counterpanes*; but either of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks. MALONE.

P. 41, l. 25. I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestick riches.

STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

I conceive, the *pavillion*, or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 28. We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry, Algeron Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland," etc. "*vessels of pewter* were hired by the year." This *household-book* was begun in the year 1512.

STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 9 — 11. *Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have: besides an argosy,] Though all copies concur in this reading, surely, if we examine the reasoning something will be found wrong. Gremio is startled at the high settlement Tranio proposes: says, his whole estate in land can't match it, yet he'll settle so much a year upon her, etc. This is playing at cross purposes. The change of the *negative* in the second line salves the absurdity, and sets the passage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly proposes to settle land to the amount of two thousand ducats per annum. My whole estate, says the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet she shall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole:* and consign a rich vessel to her use over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only says, his whole estate in land doth not indeed amount to two thousand ducats a year, but she shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above; which argosy must be understood to be of very great value from his subjoining:

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
HEATH.

P. 42, l. 15. A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and *oars*, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a *gallcy*. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 22. Gremio is out-vied.] This is a term in the old game of *gleek*. When one man was vied

her, he was said to be *out-vied.*

STEEVENS.

8. — young *gamester,*] Perhaps alluding tended Lucentio's having before talk'd of him. MALONE.

ster, in the present instance, has no to gaming, and only signifies — a wag, a ne character. STEEVENS.

8. — I have *faced it with a card of ten.*] with the highest card, in the old simple our ancestors. So that this became a pro- pression.

n Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd:*

— a *Hart of ten*

trow he be."

traordinary good one. WARBURTON.

t of ten has no reference to *cards,* but is ion taken from *The Laws of the Forest,* s to the age of the deer. When a hart is ears old, he is generally called *a hart of Forest Laws,* 4to. 1598. As we are on the cards, it may not be amiss to take notice ion blunder relative to their names. We *king, queen,* and *knave, court-cards,* hey were anciently denominated *coats,* or *s,* from their *coats* or dresses.

STEEVENS.

23. 24. But, wrangling pedant, *this is*

The patroness etc.] We should read, r. Hanmer:

wrangling pedant, know *this* lady *is.*

RITSON.

4. *I am no breeching* scholar — i. e. no *liable* to corporal correction.

STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 24. — that we might beguile *the old pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 3. *Pedascule,*] He should have said, *Didascale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant.* WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way*; *and he found it.* STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 4. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.] This and the seven verses that follow, have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

P. 45, l. 5. 6. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Aeacides*
Was Ajax, —] This is only said to deceive Hortensio who is supposed to listen. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's Version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, Book XIII. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 16. — for, *but* I be deceiv'd.] *But* has here the signification of *unless.* MALONE.

P. 46, last l. but one. — *full of* spleen;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 5. How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword.* I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old rusty sword — with a broken hilt, and chapeless.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of *Petruchio's belt* are wanting. The belt was then *broad* and rich, and worn on the outside of the *doublet.* — *Two broken* points might therefore b

luded the description of its ostentatious mean-
STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags
ie laces. TOLLET.

suppose, the boots had been long left off, and
having been converted into cases to hold the
of candels, returned to their first office.
STEEVENS.

48, l. 9—11. *Fashions.* So called in the West of
and, but by the best writers on farriery, *far-*
, or *farcy.*

Vives. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere,
avives by the French; a distemper in horses,
differing from the strangles. GREY.

48, l. 13. — ne'er-legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd
his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it,
r a *fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent
ds — „which, being restrain'd, to keep him from
bling," — seem to countenance this interpre-
n. The modern editors read — *near-legg'd* be-
; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect,
a perfection, in a horse.

48, l. 17. *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr.
STEEVENS.

48, l. 24. 25. — an old hat, and *The humour of*
r *fancies* prick'd in't for a feather:] This was
a ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet
ridicules, by making Petruchio prik it up in
foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are
etually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads,
often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapt-
o the occasion, that they seem of a piece with
rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was
run with these doggrel compositions, and he
to have borne them a particular grudge. He
ently ridicules both them and their makers,

with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, „Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntness would make the execution of it extremly painful. And again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus in his distress having repeated a very stupid stanza from an old ballad, says, with the highest humour, „There never was a truer rhyme; let's cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. We see it, we see it."

WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a penny*, describing „an indigent and discontented soldat," says „he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but some fantastical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning.

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. If the word was used here in this sense, the meaning is, that the lackey had stuck forty ballads together, and made something like a feather out of them. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have strengthened his supposition by observing, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of those short poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falstaff, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV*: „—sung those tunes *which* he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they

were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Chance, some future period, may establish as a certainty wh is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, co taining forty short poems, would, properly ma ged, furnish no unapt imitation of a plume feathers for the hat of a humourist's servant.

STEEVE

P. 49, l. 31. Though in some part enforced *to* gress;] *to deviate* from my promi

JOHNS

P. 50, l. 20. 21. *But, Sir, to* her *love concerne us to add*
Her father's liking:] Mr. Th bald reads — *our* love. STEEVENS.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The fi folio reads — *But, Sir, love concerneth us to ad Her father's liking* — which, I think, should thus corrected:

But Sir, to her *love concerneth us to a Her father's liking.* ——

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before i formed Tranio in private of his having obtain Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conv sation, by observing, that *to her love* it concer them to add *her father's consent;* and then goes to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter.

TYRWHI

P. 51, l. 7. *As willingly as e'er I came from scho* This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection.*

STEEVE

P. 51, l. 28—31. *But after many ceremonies do. He calls for wine: etc. etc.*] appears from this passage, and from one in *T History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a medy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cust to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremo

In Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occasion is called a „*knitting cup.*"

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

„Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup.*"

There was likewise a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

„Bring sweet carnations, and *sops in wine,*
„Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, etc. by Spenser.

Again, in the *Articles ordained by K. Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Household:* Article — „For the Marriage of a Princess." — Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *soppe*, and to bee borne to the estates; and to take a *soppe* and drinke," etc.

STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, set to musick by Morley, 1606:

„*Sops in wine;* spice-cakes are a dealing."

FARMER.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554: „The trumpetts sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770.

T. WARTON.

crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of
golden bowle, as an health to the prosperity
marriage, (began by the Prince Palatine and
d by the Princess). After which were serv-
y six or seven barons so many bowles filled
afers, so much of that work was consum-
Finet's Philoxenis, 1656, p. 11. REED.
custom is of very high antiquity; for it sub-
mong our Gothick ancestors. MALONE.
l. 2. *And kiss'd her lips with such a cla-*
morous smack,] It
from the following passage in Marston's
te Countess, that this was also part of the
ceremonial:
The *kiss thou gav'st me in the church*,
here take. STEEVENS.
also is a very ancient custom, as appears
e following rubrick, with which I was fur-
by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle. Serjeant

P. 53, l. 23. *My horse, my ox, my ass,*] Alluding to the tenth commandment: „— Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's *house*, — nor his *ox*, nor his *ass*, —" RITSON.

P. 54, l. 23. — was ever man *so ray'd?*] That is, was ever man so mark'd with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray'd*, i. e. made dirty.

TOLLET.

P. 54, l. 25. 26. — *were not I a little pot, and soon hot,*] This is a proverbial expression.

P. 55, l. 7. 8. — *fire, fire; cast on no water.* There is an old popular catch of three parts in these words:

„Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
„Fire, fire; — Fire, fire;
„Cast on some more water." BLACKSTONE.

P. 55, l. 11—13. „*Winter*, says Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beast;* for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*, fellow *Curtis*. — Away, you three inch fool, replies *Curtis, I am no beast.*" Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and *Curtis, fellow;* surely he calls *Curtis a beast*, likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word, „let this *fellow* be look'd to! — *Fellow!* not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, „What says my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Christophero*. — „All of a house, replies *Onion*, but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow brings* it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe

ntroduced to teach the university-men the art of
ig, and are represented (particularly Kempe) as
len spouts — very illiterate. Few of the uni-
ity (says Kempe) pen plays well; *they* smell too
h of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Meta-
phosis*: — why here's our *Fellow Shakspeare*
them all down." FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:
Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man
and beast."

See Ray's *Collection.*

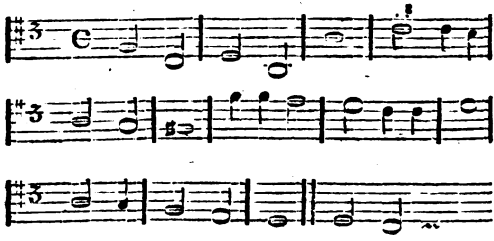
55, l. 14. — you *three-inch fool!*] i. e. with a
ll three inches thick; a phrase taken from the
ker sort of planks. WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's
inutive size. He has already mentioned it him-
: — „Now, were not I a *little pot* —." His
wer likewise, „— and so *long* am I, at the
t," — shows that this is the meaning, and that
Warbuton was mistaken in supposing that these
rds allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's *skull.*

MALONE.

55, l. 15—16. — *why, thy horn is a foot; and
long am I, at the least.*] Though all the co-
agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald says, yet he
not find what horn Curtis had; therefore he al-
it to *my horn.* But the common reading is
ht, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis
ckold. WARBURTON.

P. 55, l. 29. *Jack boy! ho boy!*] This is the beginning of an old round in three parts.



SIR J. HAWKINS.

P. 56, first l. *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] i. e. are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? But the Oxfort editor alters it thus:

Are the Jacks fair without, the Jills fair within?

What his conceit is in this, I confess I know not.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning seems to be this: „Are the men who are walking without the house to receive my master, dress'd; and the maids: who are waiting within dress'd too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which figuify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. The distinction made in the questions concerning them, was owing to this? The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 2. — *the carpets laid,*] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 25. — how she was *bemoil'd*;] i. e. bedraggled; bemired. STEEVENS.

P. 56, l. 31. — how her bridle was *burst*;] i. e. broken. So, in the first scene of this play. „You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*?"

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 3. — *their blue coats brushed,*] The dress of servants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night's Walkes:* sig. E. 3: „— the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *serving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." REED.

P. 57, l. 4. — *and their garters of an indifferent* knit:] What is the sense of this I know not, unless it means, that their *garters* should be *fellows: indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by „garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant *particoloured* garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*.

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn, appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriages of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following stage direction occurs. „Phantastes in a branched velvet jerkin, — red silk stockings, and *parti-colour'd garters*." MALONE.

P. 57, l. 28. *All things is ready:*] Though in general it is proper to correct the false concords that are found in almost every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; because the language suits the character. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 15. A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says — „This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoak of an old linke*." STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 22. *Where the life that late I led*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol somewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intituled. „*A gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, London: 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led*."

RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly suited to Petruchio's present situation: for it appears to have been descriptive of the state of a lover who had newly resigned his freedom. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 24. *Soud, soud.*] That is, *sweet, sweet. Soot*, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So, in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

These words seem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or some kind of ejaculation, for which it is not necessary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE.

P. 58, l. 28. 29. *It was the friar of orders grey*, etc.] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his

his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS.

P. 59, first l. *And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:*] This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel Troilus. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 7. Come, Kate, and *wash*,] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: „And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of K. Henry VII.] was returned and *washed*, the Archbishop said grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: C. „The meate is coming, let us sit downe. S. I would wash first —. What ho, bring us some water to wash our hands. — Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the same dialogue it appears that it was customary to wash after meals likewise, and that setting the water on the table was then (as at present) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland. „Bring some water (says one of the company) when dinner is ended, to wash our hands, and set the bacin upon the board, *after the English fashion*, that all may wash."

That it was the practice to wash the hands immediately before supper, as well as before dinner, is ascertained by the following passage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous adventures*, by Anthony Munday, 1580: „Then was our *supper* brought up very orderly, and she brought me *water to washe my handes*. And after I had washed, I sat downe, and she also; but concerning

what good cheere we had, I need not mak
report." MALONE.

As our ancestors eat with their fingers,
might not be over clean before meals, and aft
must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such
ablutions. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 17. 18. — *she must not be full*
For then she never looks upon her *lure*.]
too much fed was never tractable.

The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like
of bird which the hawk was designed
The use of the *lure* was to tempt him bac
had flown. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 19. A *haggard* is a *wild hawk*
a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 22. That *bate*, i. e. *flutter*. S
To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk do
swoops upon its prey. Minsheu suppo
derived either from *batre*, Fr. to be
s'abatre, to descend. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 29. *Intend* is sometimes use
thor for *pretend*, and is, I believe, so
P. 61, l. 20. Quick *proceeders*,] Pe
equivoque was intended. To *proceed*
etc. is the academical term. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 11. An ancient *angel* com
hill,]
Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. H
Warburton, read *eagle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*
Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it fro
to catch with bird-lime,) is sometim
Jonson. It cannot, however, bear
present, as Biondello confesses hi
quality of the person who is after

represent the father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspeare. I have also reason to suppose that the true import of the word *enghle* is such as can have no connection with this passage, and will not bear explanation.

Angel primitively signifies a *messenger*, but perhaps this sense is inapplicable to the passage before us. So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd:*

„—— the dear good *angel* of the spring,
„The nightingale ——.

And Chapman, in his translation of *Homer*, always calls a messenger an *angel.*

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old usurer is indeed called

„—— old *angel* of gold."

It is possible, however, that instead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written — *angel*-merchant, one whose business it was to negociate money. He was afterwards called a *mercatante*, and professes himself to be one who has bills of exchange about him. STEEVENS.

P. 63, l. 14. — a *mercatante*, or a *pedant*,] The old editions read *marcantant.* The Italian word *mercatante* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of *languages.* So, in *Cynthia's* Revels, by Ben Jonson: „*He loves* to have a fencer, a pedant, and a musician, *seen in* his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatante,] So, Spenser, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen:*

„Sleeves dependant Albanese wise."

And our author has *Veronese* in his *Othello.*

FARMER.

Charon, the sage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, describes a *pedant*, as synonymous to a *household schoolmaster*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. REED.

P. 63, l. 15. 16. *I know not what; but formal in apparel,*

In gait and countenance surely like a father.] I know not what he is, says the speaker however, this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. WARBURTON.

P. 65, l. 3. *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, „The common *assurances* of the realm," because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. So, in a subsequent scene of this act, „they are busied about a counterfeit *assurance*." MALONE.

P. 65, l. 6. *Go with me*, etc.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, [as well as some of the phraseology] though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scendese*, as he is called, to *personate the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from Sienna to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of government.

FARMER.

In the same play our author likewise found the name of *Licio*. MALONE.

P. 65, l. 30. — it is too *cholerick* a meat:] The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads — too *phlegmatik* a meat; which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Though I have not displaced the oldest reading, that of the second folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preserves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from Φλεγμονὴ, might anciently have been a word in physical use, signifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at present. STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 4.—*but the mustard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glass of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is said, „But note here, that the first diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of meats, and surfeits of drinks, but also in eschewing such as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state; as for a cholerick man to abstain from all salt, *scorched*, *dry meats*, from *mustard*, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," etc.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roasted mutton. REED.

P. 66, l. 20. What, sweeting, *all amort?*] That is all sunk and dispirited. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 29. *And all my pains is sorted to no proof:*] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. „We tried an experiment, but it *sorted* not." *Bacon.* JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 10. With ruffs and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;] Though

things is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose the words *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement.

JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet must be answerable for it, as he had used it before, Act II. sc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

A *thing* is a trifle too inconsiderable to deserve particular discrimination. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 15. In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. So, in the epistle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1503: „If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too short, with a fair guard; if too long, with a false gathering." MALONE.

P. 67, l. 30. Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of her sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. WARBURTON.

P. 68, l. 5. A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 14. *Censers* in barber's shops are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

I learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on.

STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 31. 32. *O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, Thou thimble,*] We should only read:

O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thimble.

He calls him afterwards—a skein of *thread*. RITSON.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON.

P. 69, first l. Or I shall so be-*mete* thee—] i. e, be-measure thee. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 11. Thou hast *faced many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, etc. with *facings*, etc.

STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 13. — thou hast *brav'd many men;*] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 16. This scene appears to have been borrowed from a story of Sir Philip Caulthorp, and John Drakes, a silly shoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. DOUCE.

P. 69, l. 25. If ever I said *loose-bodied gown,*] I think the joke is impair'd, unless we read with the original play already quoted — a *loose bodied* gown. It appears, however, that *loose-bodied* gowns were the dress of *harlots*. STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 27. A *compass'd cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is *to come round*. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, a
bow window is called a — *compassed* wi
Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, 15
a most elaborate description of the gowns of
and adds, „Some have *capes* reaching dov
midst of their backs, faced with velvet
with some fine wrought taffata, at the least
about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Register of Mr. Henslowe, p
of the Rose theatre, „3 of June 1594. Lent
womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with
cape imbroidered with bugelles, for xxx
I

P. 70, l. 3. — take thou the *bill*,] The sam
between the written *bill*, and *bill* the
weapon carried by foot-soldiers, is to be
in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 4. — thy *mete-yard*,] i. e. thy m
yard. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 17. I cannot but think that the
about the Tinker, who is always introduc
ends of the acts, together with the chang
scene, and the proportion of each act to
make it probable that the fifth act begins
J

P. 71, l. 26. *We were lodgers at the*
This line has in all the editions hitherto be
to Tranio. But Tranio could with no
speak this, either in his assumed or real
Lucentio was too young to know any
lodging with his father, twenty years
Genoa: and Tranio must be as much too y
very unfit to represent and personate Luc
have ventured to place the line to the Pe
whom it must certainly belong, and is a
what he was before saying. THEOBALD.

Shakspeare has taken a sign out of *London*, and hung it up in *Padua*:

„Meet me an hour hence at the sign of the *Pegasus* in Cheapside." *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

The *Pegasus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumstance, became a popular sign. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 29. *Curious* is scrupulous. So, in Holinshed, p. 833: „The emperor obeying more compassion than the reason of things, was not *curious* to condescend to performe so good an office." STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 3. And *pass* my daughter a sufficient dower,] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, etc. „and thereby to *pass* and convey" the premises to the grantee. RITSON.

P. 73, l. 8. We be *affied*;] i. e. betrothed. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 13. *And, happily, we might be interrupted.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

And haply then *we might be interrupted.* STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. It is rather surprising, that an editor should be guilty of so gross a corruption of his author's language, for the sake of *modernizing his orthography*. TYRWHITT.

P. 73, l. 27. — but *get thee gone.*] It seems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to suppose that he lingers upon the stage, till the rest are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of the regulation by Mr. Tyrwhitt. STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 2. —— *or* moral —] i. e. the secret

P. 74, l. 16. — *cum privilegio ad imprim solum;*] It is scarce necessary to observe tha are the words which commonly were put on where an exclusive right had been grant printing them. REED.

P. 74, l. 17. — to the church;] i. e. go church, etc. TYRWHITT.

P. 75, l. 21. The humour of this scene bears striking resemblance to what Mons. Bernier of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually b mind the Persian proverb, „If the King sa noon-day it is night, you are to behold the and the stars." *History of the Mogul E* Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

P. 76, l. 23—25. — — — *my mistaking eyes*
That have been so bedazzled with th
That every thing I look on seemeth g

Shakspeare's observations on the phaenome nature are very accurate. When one has s in the sunshine, the surrounding objects wil appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assig many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTO

P. 79, l. 4. — his father is come *from Pisa*, reading of the old copies is from *Padua*; wh certainly wrong. The editors have made it *to P* but it should rather be *from Pisa*. Both agree that Lucentio's father is *come from Pi* indeed they necessarily must; the point in is, whether he be *at the door*, or looking *the window*. TYRWHITT.

I suspect we should read—from *Mantua*, whence the pedant himself came, and which he would naturally name, supposing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Pisa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different scenes, instead of *Milan*.

MALONE.

P. 80, l. 6.—and a *copatain hat!*] Is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne.

In Stubb's *Anatomie of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter „on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

„Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 2. — *coney-catch'd* in this business;] i. e. deceived, cheated. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 23. While counterfeit *supposes blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *supposers*, but wrongly. This is a plain allusion to Gascoigne's comedy entitled *Supposes*, from which several of the incidents in this play are borrowed. TYRWHITT.

This is highly probable; but yet *supposes* is a word often used in its common sense, which, on the present occasion is sufficiently commodious. It appears likewise from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphosis*, that *supposes* was a game of some kind. „After *supposes*, and such ordinary sports, *were past*, they fell to prattle, etc.

To blear the eye, was an ancient phrase signifying *to deceive*. STEEVENS.

P. 81, l. 24. Here's *packing*,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 11. *My cake is dough:*] This is a proverbial expression which also occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife:*

„Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough.*"

STEEVENS.

It was generally used when any project miscarried. MALONE.

Rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howell in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Lewis the Fourteenth, says — „The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfullest thing of this kind that any story can parallel, for this [redacted] the three-and-twentieth year since she was married, and hath continued childless all this while. So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough.*" REED.

P. 83, l. 5. A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweet-meats, and fruit. STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 14. 15. — — Hortensio *fears* his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be *afeared.*]

To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE.

P. 83, last l. A hundred marks, my Kate does *put her down.* This passage will be best explained by another, in *Much ado about Nothing:* „Lady, you have *put him down.* — So I would not *he should do me*, my Lord, *lest I* should prove *the* mother of *fools.*" STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 23. —— *swift*—] besides the original sense of *speedy in motion*, signified *witty*, *quick-witted*. So, in *As you Like it*, the Duke says of the Clown, „He is very *swift* and sententious." *Quick* is now used in almost the same sense as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin says of Hales, than *he had known Laud for a* nimble *disputant*. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 27. A *gird* is a *sarcasm* a *gibe*. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 9. Hath cost me an *hundred* crowns—] Old copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expressed in figures, which has been the occasion of many mistakes in the early editions. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 14. — *our soft conditions*,] The gentle qualities of our minds. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 23. Then *vail your stomachs*,] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. STEEVENS.

P. 88, last l. We three are married, but *you two are sped*,] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of disobedience. STEEVENS.

P. 89, first l. 'Twas I won the wager, though *you hit the white*;] To hit the *white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

The following are the observations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken *from his Notes on the* Epistle to *Augustus*: "The *Induction*, as Shakspeare calls it, to The Taming of *the Shrew*, deserves for the excellence of its moral

design and beauty of execution, throughout, to be set in a just light.

„This *Prologue* sets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a short season, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the scene is taken to consist in the surprise and awkward deportment of *Sly*, in this his strange and unwonted situation. But the poet had a further design, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleasantry. He would expose, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purposes, than the soft and selfish gratification of their own intemperate passions: Of *those*, who take the mighty privilege of *descent* and *wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of those pleasures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and consistency of character, than their *Lordships*.

„To give a poignance to his satire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himself, just returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleasures, contrive this metamorphosis of the beggar, in the way of sport and derision only; not considering, how severely the jest was going to turn upon himself. His first reflections, on seeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

„O! monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

„Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thy image!"

„The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *bestiality*; and at a state of stupid *insensibility* *the image of death*. Nothing can be juster, tha *this* representation. For those lordly sensualists hav

very nice and fastidious abhorrence of such ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the prospect of death, cannot choose but present *a foul and loathsome image*. It is, also, said in perfect consistency with the true Epicurean character, as given by these, who understood it best, and which is, here, sustained by this noble disciple. For, though these great masters of wisdom made *pleasure* the *supreme good*, yet, they were among the first, as we are told, to cry out against the *Asotes*; meaning such gross sensualists, „qui in mensam vomunt et qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique postridie se rursus ingurgitant." But as for the „mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, *pistoribus*, *piscatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquisitis, vitantes cruditatem," these they complimented with the name of *beatos* and *sapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* lib. ii. 8.]

„And then, though their philosophy promised an exemption from the terrors of death, yet the boasted exemption consisted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual dissipation; so that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occasions, expressing the most dreadful apprehensions of it.

„However, this transient gloom is soon succeeded by gayer prospects. My *lord* bethinks himself to raise a little diversion out of this adventure:

„Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man:"

And, so, proposes to have him *conveyed to bed*, and blessed with all those regalements of costly luxury; in wich a selfish opulence is wont to find its supreme happiness.

„The project is carried into execution. And now *the jest begins*. *Sly*, awakening from his drunken nap, *calls out* as usual for a cup of ale. On which *the lord*, very characteristically, and (taking the

poet's design, as here
replies:

„O! that a migl
„Of such posses
„Should be infu
„And again, afterward
„Oh! noble Lor
„Call home thy

And banish her
For, what is the reco
and large *possessions*
the introduction of wh
purposes, are these *lo*
carded? Why the w
pleasures is called ove
whichsoever of them
improved palate. A l
at his beck: musick,
ingales do sing: co
than the lustful be
odours, and distille
with carpets: the di
and horses: in short
indulgence are present

„But among these,
ment, which requires
ing of abject commo
We had a hint, of wh
„Carry him gent
„And hang it

And what lord, in the
feign to himself a mor
here delineated?

'2 *Man.* Dost thou love *pictures?* We will fetch
thee straight
'*Adonis* painted by a running brook;
'And *Cytherea* all in sedges hid:
'Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath,
'Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
'*Lord.* We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid;
'And how she was beguiled and surprised,
'As lively painted, as the deed was done.
'3 *Man.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny
wood;
'Scratching her legs, that one should swear
she bleeds:
'So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.'

These pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well chosen. But the servants were not so deep in the secret, as their master. They dwell entirely on circumstantials. While his lordship, who had, probably, been trained in the *chast* school of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

'After these incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itself* are presented, as the crowning privilege of his high station:

'Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
'Than any woman in this waning age.'

Here indeed the poet plainly forgets himself. The *state*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, surely demanded a *mistress*, instead of a *wife*. All that can be said in excuse of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a simple beggar, all unused to the refinements of high life, would be too much shocked, at setting out, with a proposal, so remote from all his former practices. Be it, as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had such an effect on this

mock Lord, that, quite melted and *overcome* by it, he yields himself at last to the inchanting deception:

„I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things —
Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed."

The satyr is so strongly marked in this last line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *should*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the same game, *in jest*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *seriously*. The two cases are so similar, that some readers may, perhaps, suspect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His description of this instructive scenery is given in the following words:

„Visne (inquit Dionysius) ô Damocle, quoniam te haec vita delectat, ipse eandem degustare et fortunam experiri meam? Cum se ille cupere dixisset, conlocari jussit hominem in *aureo lecto*, *strato pulcherrimo*, *textili stragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacosque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato*: hinc ad mensam *eximia forma pueros* delectos jussit consistere, eosque nutu *illius* intuentes diligenter ministrare: aderant *unguenta*, *coronae*: *incendebantur odores*: *mensae conquisitissimis epulis extruebantur*," [Tusc. Lib. V. 21.]

It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the delusion of *Christophero Sly*.

„*Fortunatus sibi Damocles videbatur*."

The event in these two dramas was, different. For the philosopher took care the *flatterer* sensible of his mistake; whil did not think fit to disabuse the beggo was according to the design of each

former would show the *misery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordship* only a *beggar* in *disguise*.

„To conclude with our poet. The strong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* makes it appear, how impossible it was for Shakspeare, in his idlest hours, perhaps, when he was only revising the trash of others, not to leave some strokes of the *master* behind him. But the morality of its purpose should chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the best design of exposing that monstrous Epicurean position, *that the true enjoyment of life consists in a delirium of sensual pleasure.* And this, in a way the most likely to work upon the *great*, by showing their pride, that it was fit only to constitute the *summum bonum* of one

'No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.'

Sc. iii.

„Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his *betters*, in giving this representation of *nobility*. He had the highest authority for what he did. For the great *master of life* himself gave no other of *Divinity*.

„*Ipse pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
„*Jussit et* hanc vitam dixit habere Deos."

Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumstance on which the *Inductiou* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the present comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has observed) by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* Lib. IV. The earliest English original of this story in prose that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, translated by E. Grimstone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart translated from Heu-

terms) had undoubtedly appeared in English, in some other shape, before 1594:

„PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxells with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the Prince in this artisan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of his richest beds; a riche night-cap to be given him; his foule shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Dukes chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courtesies, and, being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. —— They bring him rich apparell. The new *Monsieur* amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, suffered himself to be drest, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he washes his hands, and sittes downe at the table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the

gardein and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him backe unto the pallace where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to play; and, the tables taken way, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedie*, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this Prince of the new impression; so has he was dronke, and fell soundlie asleep. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the same place where he had beene found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before; — he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension." MALONE.

From this play the *Tatler* formed a story, Vol. IV. No. 231.

„THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigible. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of *taking a woman down in her wedding shoes*, if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

„A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but *the fourth*, though no way inferior to any of her *sisters*, either in person or accomplishments, had

from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, (usually called a high spirit,) that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violences, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had the day before brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of his new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols *before* him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging (but some

what positive manner), desired his lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to show the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rathness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered; however the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he woul run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and with great ceremony, first takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, Child, prythee, take up the saddle; which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands, where when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they *should all by* turns send for their wives down to *them.* A servant was dispatched, and answer made

by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That she would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, 'My dear, would you speak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own."

I cannot but seem strange that Shakspeare should be so little known to the author of the *Tatler*, that he should suffer this story to be obtruded upon him: or so little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it pass upon his readers as a real narrative of a transaction in Lincolnshire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himself whence the story was taken, or hoped that he might rob so obscure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharina and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

NOTES TO THE

WINTER'S TALE.

* This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, hat misled some of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered „A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*" STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia whom Shakspeare names

Leontes, is called — Egistus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia — Pandosto.

Mamillius P. of Sicilia	—		Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	—		Dorastus.
Camillo	—		Franion.
Old Shepherd		—	Porrus.
Hermione	—	—	Bellaria.
Perdita	—	—	Faunia.
Mopsa	—	—	Mopsa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poets own invention; but many circumstances of the novel are omitted in the play.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by „some of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Essay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conquest of Granada*: „Witness the lameness of their plots; [the plots of Shakspeare and Fletcher;] many of which, especially those which they wrote first, (for even that age refined itself in some measure,] were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expressly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the historical plays of Shakspeare; besides many of the rest, as *The Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the same ill-considered judgement on the play before us. „I should conjecture (says he) of some of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only some characters, sig-

scenes, or perhaps a few particular passa
of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been s
sured for the breach of dramatick rules t
Winter's Tale. In confirmation of what
vens has remarked in another place — „th
speare was not ignorant of these rules, but d
ed them," — it may be observed, that the
the drama are clearly laid down by a writer o
versally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney
in his *Defence of Poësy*, 1595, has pointed
very improprieties into which our author ha
in this play. After mentioning the defects
tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: „But if it b
Gorboducke, how much more in all the
where you shall have, Asia of the one side,
Affricke of the other, and so manie other
kingdomes, that the player when he comes in,
ever begin with telling where he is, or else th
will not be conceived. — Now of time the
much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that
young princes fall in love, after many traverses
is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; h
lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is re
to get another childe, and all this in two ho
space: which how absurd it is in sence, even s
may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jon
n the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:
here be never a servant-monster in the fair,
an help it, *nor a nest of antiques?* He is
make nature afraid in his play, like those
get TALES, *Tempests*, and such like drolle
the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs wh
roduced at the sheepshearing festival, are
— In his conversation with Mr. Drum

Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his *beloved* friend: „He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia:* but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588. —— Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes when he makes the Princess Micomicona land at Ossuna. —— Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia „delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay „*upon the sea?*" —— There is a similar mistake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan.

FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among historic plays of Shakspeare, though not one

numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Ann Boleyn. The address of the poet appeared no-where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen to nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

„—— for honour,
„'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
„And only that I stand for."

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where she pleads for the infant Princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born Princess, and her likeness to her father, says: „*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child tells the King:

„—— 'Tis yours;
„And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
„So like you, 'tis the worse." ——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth.* MALONE.

P. 93, line 14. 15. *Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves:*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 13. — *royally attorney'd,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, etc. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 16. — *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.*] Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth.* There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY.

P. 94, l. 25. — one that, indeed, *physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

P. 95, l. 18. 19. —— that may *blow*
No sneaping *winds* ——] Dr Warburton calls this *nonsense:* and Dr. Johnson tells us it is a *Gallicism.* It happens however to be both *sense* and *English. That*, for *Oh! that*—is not uncommon.

In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: „St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*:

„—— In thy rumination,
„*That* I poor man might eftsoons come between!"

And so in other places. This is the construction of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

„*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other respects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted. FARMER.

— sneaping *winds* —] *Nipping* winds. HOLT WHITE.

P. 95, l. 19. 20. — — — to make us say,
This is put forth too truly!] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 12. 13. All in Bohemia's well: *this satisfaction*,
The by-gone day proclaim'd;] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

P. 96, l. 23. —— *I'll give* him *my commission*] We should read:

—— *I'll give* you *my commission*,

The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, shows the necessity of it: for she could not say she would give her husband a commission to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to Polixenes, to whom she is speaking to let or hinder her husband. WARBURTON.

„*I'll give* him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month," etc. *To let him*, however, may be used as many other

the old French

Gests, or rather *gists*, from the [illegible] (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging) were the names of the houses or towns w[illegible] King or Prince intended to lie every night his PROGRESS. They were written in a scr[illegible] probably each of the royal attendants was fu[illegible] with a copy. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 25. — *yet*, good-deed,] signifies *in very deed*, as Shakspeare in another p[illegible] presses it. *Good deed* is used in the same [illegible] the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, a[illegible] coigne.

Dr. Warburton would read — good *h*[illegible] meaning — take good heed. STEEVENS.

The second fol.o reads — *good heed*, wh[illegible] believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

P. 96, l. 26. A *jar* is, I believe, a single re[illegible] *of the noise* made by the pendulum of [illegible] *what children* call the ticking of it.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*, as in T. Heywood's *Troia Brittannica*, cant. IV. st. 107; edit. 1609. „He *hears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*." HOLT WHITE.

P. 97, l. 16. You were pretty *lordings* —] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

P. 97, l. 30. 31. — — *the imposition clear'd, Hereditary ours.*] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

P. 98, l. 5—9. *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no conclusion; etc.] Polixenes had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them;* for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of *temptation* she replies, *Grace to boot*! i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expression on these occasions. To the other part, she replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no conclusion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, etc. WARBURTON.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the existence of such a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might seem to be sullied by a

species of argument that made them appear to have led their husbands into temptation. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 24. 25. — — — — — *ere*
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;] Thus this passage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpose;* but the sense is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

—— —— *ere*
With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal;

i. e. good usage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we stop short, even there where both our interest and our inclination would otherwise have carried us. WARBURTON.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 33. 34. *Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,*
And clap thyself my love;] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase — *to clap up a bargain* i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare often allludes. MALONE.

P. 98, last l. *It is Grace, indeed.*] Referring to what she had just said — „O, would her name were *Grace!*" MALONE.

P. 99, l. 10. — — *from bounty, fertile bosom,*] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read — from *bounty's* fertile bosom.

MALONE.

By *fertile bosom*, I suppose, is meant a bosom like that of the earth, which yields a spontaneous produce. STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 15. *The mort o'the deer;*] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer.

THEOBALD.

P. 99, l. 19. *I'fecks?*] A supposed corruption of—*in faith.* Our present vulgar pronounce it—*fegs.*

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 20. — that's my *bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game.*

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 23. *We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat;* then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly.* JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 25. — Still *virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals.*

JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

A virginal was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *piano forte.* MALONE.

P. 99, l. 30. Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have,] Pash (*says* Sir T. Hanmer) is kiss. Paz, Spanish, i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made* rough by a beard

o *kiss with.* *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the ensings of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *pash in* Cheshire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the *shoots* that I have, in connection with the context, signifies — *to make thee a* calf *thou must have the* tuft *on thy forehead and the* young horns *that* shoot *up in it, as I have.*

When in Cheshire a *pash* is used for a *mad-brained boy*, it is designed to characterize him from the wantonness of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head against any thing. HENLEY.

I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a *head.* The old reading therefore may stand. Many words, that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wantest the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to resemble your father.* MALONE.

P. 99, l. 32. *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially; — to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

P. 99, last line but one. *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to die their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean those which have received a die over their former colour.

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for *mourning.*

Black, however, will receive no othe
without discovering itself through it. „*Lan
nigrae nullum colorem bibunt.*"
Plin. *Nat. Hist.* Lib. VIII. STEE

The following passage in a book whicl
author had certainly read, inclines me to b
that the last is the true interpretation. „Truly (
Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefo
could take no other colour." Lyly's *Euphues
his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

P. 100, first l. *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVEN

P. 100, l. 3. — *welkin-eye:*] *Blue-eye;* an e
the same colour with the *welkin* or sky.
JOHN

P. 100, l. 6. *Affection! thy intention stab.
center:*] *Affec*
I believe, signifies *imagination*. *Intention* i
Mr. Locke expresses it, „when the mind with
earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view or
idea, considers it on every side, and will n
called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ic
This vehemence of the mind seems to be what a
Leontes so deeply, or, in Shakspeare's langua
stabs him to the center. STEEVENS.

Intention, in this passage, means eagerne
attention, or of desire; and is used in the same
in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Fa
says — „She did so course o'er my exteriors,
such a greedy *intention.*" etc. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affe*
means here imagination, or perhaps more accur
„the disposition of the mind when strongly a
ed or possessed by a particular idea." MALON

P. 100, l. 7. *Thou dost make possible, thin
so held,*

dost make those things possible, which are conceived t impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore pu a comma there though perhaps in strictness it is improper. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 10. — *credent*,] i. e. credible.

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 18. *What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?*] This line, [illegible] in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attri ut d to Po.ixenes, on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer made the same emendation. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 32. A *squash* is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it.

HENLEY.

P. 100, l. 33. *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged an makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he erefore that has eggs laid in his nest is said to be *cucullatus, cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*.

JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The Frenc have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you d n t ffront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my Lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

Leontes seems only to ask his son if he would *fly fro* an en my.

Mamillius's reply to his father's question appears so decisive as to the true explanation of this passage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I read

the following note. The phrase undoubtedly sometimes means what Mr. Malone asserts, but not here. REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally, — Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to be perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*. MALONE.

P. 100, last l. but one. — *happy man be his dole!* May his *dole* or *share* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

The expression is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. STEEVENS.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See the History of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. NICHOLS.

P. 101, l. 16. *Apparent* —] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

P. 101, l. 25. —— *the neb*,] The word commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the *mouth*. STEEVENS.

P. 101, l. 27. *Allowing* in the old language is *approving*. MALONE.

P. 101, l. 28. — o'er head and ears a *fork'd one*.] That is, a *horned one*; a *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 4. *And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour*.] This metaphor

perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fish, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correspondence. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 25. *When you cast out, it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 27. 28. *He would not stay at your petitions; made* *His business more material.*] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 30.—*They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present. THIRLBY.

P. 102, l. 30. *To round in the ear* is to *whisper*, or *to tell secretly.* The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 31. *Sicilia is a so-forth:*] This was a phrase employed when the speaker, through caution or disgust, wished to escape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakspeare will often derive more advantage from listening to vulgar than to polite conversation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, describing another, say — "every body knows that her husband is a *so-forth*." As she spoke the last word, her fingers expressed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads — *Sicilia is a* — so-forth. STEEVENS.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. M. Mason. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in the plays is corrupted. These words without the [illegible] now introduced are to me unintelligible.

means — I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, „Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold," to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of; for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words — *so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horrour of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote — Sicilia is — *and* so forth.

MALONE.

P. 102, l. 32. — *gust it* —] i. e. taste it.

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 3. For thy conceit *is* soaking,] Dr. Grey would read — *in* soaking; but I think without necessity. Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will draw in more, etc. seems to be the meaning.

STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 6. I believe, *lower messes* is only used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. But this passage may be somewhat differently explained. It appears from a passage in *The merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the custom in publick houses to keep ordinaries of different Princes: „What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no less than to shylinges, and at the merchauntes table xvi pence, and at my houshold servantes geve me twelve pence." — Leontes comprehends inferiority of understanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, see the *Houshold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

P. 103, l. 27. To *hox* is to ham-string.

STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, *hough* or ham-string. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 8. 9. Whereof the executi
Against the *non-performance*,]
of the expressions by which Shaks
quently clouds his meaning. This s
means, I think, no more than *a th*
to be done. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read — .the
ance," which gives us this very rea
ing: — *At the execution whereof*,
stances discovered themselves, as
dent to suspend all further proce

I do not see that this attempt c
more, than produce a harsher wor
easier sense. JOHNSON.

I have preserved this note, [M
cause I think it a good interpretation
al text. I have, however, no doub
speare wrote *non-performance*, he
entangled himself in the same mani
clear that he *should* have written, eit
the performance," or — *for* the non-

P. 104, l. 52. 53. — *Which to reiter*
As deep as that, though tru
suspicion is as great a sin as woul
committed) for which you suspect he

P. 104, last l. but one. — is *meeting*
Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that i
noses. JOHNSON.

P. 105, l. 4. 5. — — and all eyes b
With the pin and web,] N
eye. STEEVENS.

5, l. 23. The running *of one glass.*] i. e. of our-glass.

5, l. 25. — that wears he like *her* medal,] Mr. e reads — *his* medal. STEEVENS.
e old copy has — *her* medal, which was evi- an error of the press, either in consequence compositor's eye glancing on the word *her* preceding line, or of an abbreviation being n the Ms. It should be remembered that it ustomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, r jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. MALONE.
uppose the poet meant to say, that Polixenes *her, as he would have worn a medal of about his neck.* Sir Christopher Hatton is nted with a medal of Queen Elizabeth append- his chain. STEEVENS.

5, l. 29. 30. — they would do that
Which should undo more *doing:*] The latter is used here in a wanton sense. MALONE.

6, l. 2—4. —— *with no* rash *potion*, ——
Maliciously, *like poison:* ——
ish is *hasty*, as in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.: *ash gunpowder.*" *Maliciously* is *malig-*, with effects *openly hurtful.* JOHNSON.

6, l. 7. *I have lov'd thee*, —] This last ich assign'd to Camillo must have been mis- placed to him. It is disrespect and insolence nillo to his King, to tell him that he has once him — I have ventured at a transposition, seems self-evident. Camillo will not be per- into a suspicion of the disloyalty imputed to stress. *The King*, who believes nothing but *ousy, provoke* that Camillo is so obstinately *t, finely* starts into a rage, and cries:

I've lov'd thee — Make't

i. e. I have tendered thee well,
cancel all former respect at once,
er make a question of my wife's
my presence, and perdition ove
stubbornness. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteratio
ton has done, but am not co
necessary. Camillo, desirous to
and willing to secure credit to h
by telling the King that *he has l*
to give instances of his love,
them his present zeal, when he

I have lov'd thee,] In t
folio, these words are the conc
speech. The later editors have
in giving them to Leontes; but
come in better at the end of the l

Make that thy question,

I have restored the old readin
to tell Leontes how much he h
impatience of the King interru
Make that thy question, i. e
which you boast, the subject o
versation, and go to the grave
in our author, very often has th
Measure for Measure: „But
tion;" i. e. in conversation th
Again, in *Hamlet*: „question*ab*
propitious to conversation. Ag
it: „an *unquestionable* spirit
to be conversed with. STEE

I think Steevens right in restoring the old reading, but mistaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to express his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not suffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's speech, but replies to that which gave him offence — the doubts he had expressed of the Queen's misconduct; and says — „Make that thy question and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. MASON.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words — „I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words „being honourable" should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable and* honourable *a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 8. *Make't thy question, and go rot!*] This refers to what Camillo has just said relative to the Queen's chastity. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 17. To *blench* is to start off, to shrink. Leontes means — could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 10. 11. — *If I could example*
Of thousands, etc.] An allusion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in King James's time. BLACKSTONE.

P. 107, l. 29—30. — — — — — — *when he,*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. M. MASON.

P. 107, last l. and P. 108. first l. *Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

P. 108, l. 20. *In whose success we are gentle,* I know not whether *success* here does not mean *succession.* JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to *simpl* alluding to the distinction between the gentry a yeomanry,

In whose *success* we are gentle, may, inde mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, e STEEV.

Success seems clearly to have been used for *cession* by Shakspeare, in this, as in other insta HEN

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *succe.* true one. MALONE.

P. 109, l. 8. *I am appointed him to murde* & e. I am the person appointed to murder

S

P. 109, l. 14. 15. — — — an instrument

To *vice* you to't,] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known; its operation is to hold things together, So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff: „*If he come but within my* vice," etc. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakspeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. STEEVENS.

P. 109. l. 19. — *that did betray the best!*] Perhaps Judas. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio. HENDERSON.

P. 109, l. 25. 26. *Swear his thought over*

By each particular star in heaven,] The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense. Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his Queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

— *Swear* this though *over*, etc. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought *over* —

may perhaps mean, *overswear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: „Though you should endeavour to *swear away* his jealousy — though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts." — The vulgar still use a similar expression: „To *swear* a person *down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonsense; nor have either Malone or Johnson explained it into sense. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is necessary and well imagined. M. MASON.

Perhaps the construction is — „Over swear his thought" — i. e. strive to bear down, or overpower,

his conception by oaths. — In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, etc. and *over-swear*, for *swear-over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 30. 31. —— *Whose foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled *belief*.
STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 16. 17, — — — and thy *places* shall
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote — "And thy *paces* shall," etc. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path — The old reading however may mean — wherever thou art, I will still be near thee. MALONE.
By places, our author means — *preferments*, or *honours*. STEEVENS.

P. 110, l. 26—28. —— —— *and comfort*
The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] *nothing*
expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary, i
would increase her husband's suspicion. We shoul
read:

—— *and comfort*
The *gracious* Queen's;

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort
Queen's friend. WARBURTON.
Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, j
but what shall be done with the following wo
of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the
which connected them to the rest is lost.

—— *and* comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his t
but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! ——

s a passion compounded of love and sus-
his passion is the *theme* or subject of the
oughts. — Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the
or her comfort, so much of that *theme* or
s is good, but deprecates that which causes
May part of the King's present sentiments
the Queen, but away with his suspicion.
ich meaning as can be picked out.

JOHNSON.

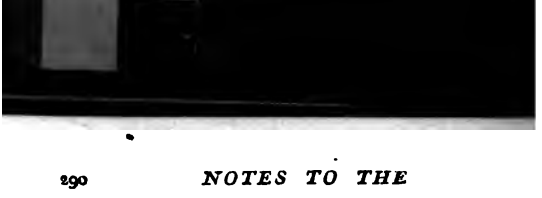
ps the sense is — May that good speed which
end, *comfort* likewise the Queen who is
its theme, i. e. *partly* on whose account
y; but may not the same *comfort* extend
he groundless suspicions of the King; i. e.
ny departure support him in them! *His* for
amon with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

ort is, I apprehend, here used as a verb.
edition befriend me, by removing me from
f danger, and comfort the innocent Queen,
ing the object of her husband's jealousy; —
, who is the subject of his conversation,
out reason the object of his suspicion!

MALONE.

5. *A sad tale's best for winter;*] Hence,
, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.
supposition may seem to be countenanced
uthor's 98th Sonnet:
'et not the lays of birds, etc.
ould make me any *Summer's story* tell."
'et, I cannot help regarding the words —
er (which spoil the measure) as a playhouse
tion. All children delight in telling dismal
but why should a dismal story be best for
STEEVENS.

85. *Censure*, in the time of our author,



was generally used (as in this instance) for judgement, opinion. MALONE.

P. 112, l. 26. *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

P. 112, l. 27—29. —— *There may be in the cup A spider steep'd*, etc.] That spiders were esteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Countesse wished me to get the *strongest poison* I could, etc. Accordingly I bought *seven — great spiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: „— like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." MALONE.

P. 112, last l. *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. STEEVENS.

P. 113, l. 4. 5. *He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing;*] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible; but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

Pinched had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at present.

The sense proposed by the author of *The Revisal* may, however, be supported by the following passage in *All's well that ends well*: — „If you *pinch me like* a pasty, [i. e. the crust round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers, in *fantastick* shapes,] I can say no more." STEEVENS

The subsequent words — "a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

P. 113, l. 34. 35. —— for calumny will *sear* Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. HENLEY.

P. 114, l. 17. A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read — a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii. MALONE.

P. 114, l. 17—19. —— *and one that knows What she should shame to know herself, But with her most vile principal,*] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant. — *But*, which is here used for *only* renders this passage somewhat obscure. MALONE.

P. 114, l. 29—32. —— *if I mistake In those foundations which I build upon, The center is not big enough to bear A schoolboy's top.* —] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted. JOHNSON.

P. 114, l. 33. *Far* off *guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree*. JOHNSON.

P. 114, last l. and P. 115, first l. —— *till the heavens look With an aspect more favourable.*] An astrological phrase. The *aspect* of stars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be such till the age in which Milton tells us

„—— the swart star sparely *looks*." *Lycidas* v. 138. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 17. — *this action, I now go on,*] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge,* or *accusation.* JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, „What I am now about to do." M. MASON.

P. 115, l. 34. 35. — *I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife;*] *Stable-stand* (*stabilis statio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the forest-laws, and signifies a place where a deer-stealer fixes his stand under some convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpose of killing deer as they pass by. From the place it came to be applied also to the person, and any man taken in a forest in that situation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was presumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *stable-stand.* In all former editions this hath been printed *stable;* and it may perhaps be objected, that another syllable added spoils the smoothness of the verse. But by pronouncing *stable* short, the measure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakspeare never scruples to use; therefore I read, *stable stand.* HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a pack of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose, as well as our author, has

occasionally seen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day.

In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 7. — and by some *putter-on*,] i. e. one who instigates. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 9. I would *land-damn* him:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *stop his urine*, *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

Land-damn him, if such a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure sentence to be past on him in this world, on this earth.*

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *stopping his urine*. Besides, it appears too ridiculous a punishment for so atrocious a criminal. Yet it must be confessed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has said concerning the word *lant*, is true.

I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds. — What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

„O heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold," etc.

I believe, we should read — land-*dam* him; bury him in earth. MALONE.

After all these aukward struggles to meaning, we might, I think, not unsafe

„I'd *laudanum* him," ——

i. e. poison him with *laudanum*. The we more ancient than the time of Shakspear this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

P. 116, l. 11. *The second, and the th and some*

second folio reads — *sonnes five.* REED.

This line appears obscure, because the seems to refer to both „*the second and* But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo si gulis. The second is of the age of nin third is* some *five years old.*

The editor of the second folio reads — startled probably by the difficulty that the subsequent lines, the operation that threatens to perform on his children, commonly applicable to females. But fo our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artifi geling*, 1656, shows it may be done. undoubtedly wrote *some;* for were we ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read then the second and third daughter wou of the same age; which, as we are not to are twins, is not very reasonable to sup des; daughters are by the law of Englan but sons never. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 15. For *glib* I think we s *lib*, which, in the northern language, with *geld*. GREY.

P. 116, l. 21. Some stage direction see *in* this place; but what that directio it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer

hold of his arm; Dr. Johnson — *striking his brows*. STEEVENS.

As a stage direction is certainly requisite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propose a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; for *these*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the instruments that feel*, to which he alluded. — There is a similar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from whence the direction of *striking his brows* seems to have been adopted: — "he so takes on, — so curses all Eve's daughters, and so *buffets himself on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*" — — The word *lunes*, it should be noted, occurs in the context of both passages, and in the same sense. HENLEY.

I see and feel *my disgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers, Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or some other part, of Antigonus. See a subsequent note in the last scene of this act.

MALONE.

P. 117, l. 13. *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 21. *Of stuff'd sufficiency:*] That is, of follies more than enough. JOHNSON.

P. 117, l. 31. 32. *Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,*
Be left her to perform.] He has before declared that there is a *plot against his life and crown*, that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 13. These dangerous unsafe *lunes* o'the King!] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French. —— *Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. „*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tête*. Richelet." THEOBALD.

A similar expression occurs in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii: „At which time would I, being but a *moonish* youth, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 30. 31. Is quite *beyond mine arm*, out of the *blank*

And *level* of my brain,] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *evel* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

Blank and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. DOUCE.

P. 121, l. 15. *Leave me solely:*] That is, leave me alone. M. MASON.

P. 122, l. 30. — *in comforting your evils*,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. MASON.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 2. A man, the *worst* about you.] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

The *worst*, (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr Henley observe,) rather means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Edwards observes, that „The wôrst about you" may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently

refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

P. 123, l. 11. *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a women suspected to be a witch, „*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples.

JOHNSON.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit. 1705, observes: „*Saxonicè man* est a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* est *nocumentum*, *Francicè* est *nefas*, *scelus*." So that *mankind* may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithstanding the many learned notes on this expression, I am confident that *mankind*, in this passage, means nothing more than *masculine*.

M. MASON.

P. 123, l. 20. *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 22. *Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*.

STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 23. — give't to thy *crone*.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

P. 123, l. 25. 26. — — if thou

Tak'st up the Princess, *by that forced baseness*] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the Princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. MALONE.

P. 124, first l. *His hopeful son's, his babe's,*] The female infant then on the stage. MALONE.

P. 124, l. 23. —— *his smiles;*] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 28. *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 28. 29. ——— *lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's!*] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a „bed-swerver," (which is not supposed,) she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumstance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The seeming absurdity in the last clause of Paulina's ardent address to Nature, was undoubtedly designed, being an extravagance characteristically preferable to languid correctness, and *chastised* declamation. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 81. „A *Losel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." *Verstegan's Restitution*, 1605, p. 335. REED.

This is a term of contempt, frequently used by Spenser. A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. STEEVENS.

P. 126, l. 25. *So sure as this beard's grey*,] The King must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leontes has himself told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

P. 126, l. 33. *Swear by this sword*,] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

I remember to have seen the name of Jesus engraved upon the pummel of the sword of a Crusader in the Church at Winchelsea. DOUCE.

P. 127, l. 14. *That thou commend it strangely to some place*,] *Commit* to some place, *as a stranger*, without more provision. JOHNSON.

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minsheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 22. — — and *blessing*.] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 24. Poor thing, condemn'd *to loss!*] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have *lost*. MALONE.

P. 127, last l. *'Tis good speed; foretels*,] Surely we should read the passage thus:

This good speed fortetels, etc. M. MASON.

Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspe
his editors, had their heads running on De
island of the Cyclades. If it was the editor
der, then Shakspeare wrote: *Fertile the* sc
which is more elegant too, than the present r

WARB

Shakspeare is little careful of geography.
is no need of this emendation in a play of wl
whole plot depends upon a geographical er
which Bohemia is supposed to be a maritime c

Jo

In *the History of Dorastus and Faun*
Queen desires the King to send „six of his nol
whom he best trusted, to the *isle* of Delphò

STE

P. 128, l. 17. For most *it* caught me,] *It* ma
to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 29. *The time is worth the u*

P. 129, l. 21. *Even* to the guilt, or the purgation.—] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in Macbeth to *Justice*, seems to unite both senses. HENLEY.

P. 130, first l. *Pretence* is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*; to *pretend* means to *design*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 11. 12. — — mine *integrity*,

Being counted *falsehood*,] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass but for a *lie*. *Falsehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 20. As I am now unhappy; *which* etc.] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

P. 130, l. 27. 28. —— *For life, I prize it*

As I weigh grief,] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 28. To *spare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the possession of it*. JOHNSON.

P. 130, l. 28. 29. — — *for honour*,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine,] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: „The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children*."

STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 33—35. —— *since he came,*

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd, to appear thus:] These lines I do not understand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot understand I suppose unintelligible,

and therefore propose that they
thus:

——— *Since he came,*
With what encounter so u
Been stain'd *to appear thu*

At least I think it might be read:

With what encounter so u
Strain'd to appear thus? If

The sense seems to be this: — w
have I made, that I should cat
my character. An *uncurrent enc*
mean an irregular, unjustifiable co
it may be a metaphor from *tilting*
shock of meeting adversaries was

The sense would then be: ——
ciprocation of love have I caught t
current is what will not pass, a
only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of — *some* strain
ter, and in Beaumont and Fletcher'
Country, the same expression occ

To *strain*, I believe, means to

The *bounds of honour*, whic
immediately after, justify Mr. Steev
the imagery to have been taken fr

Johnson thinks it necessary f
transpose these words and read, „
counter so uncurrent have I strained
But he could not have proposed tha
he considered, with attention, the co
passage, which runs thus: „I app
conscience with what encounter
appeal to your own conscience to

ncounter so uncurrent I have strained to appear thus." 'e was probably misled by the point of interrogation the end of the sentence, which ought not to have en there. M. MASON.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in is passage may be gathered from our author's use it elsewhere:

„Who hath —
„Confess'd the vile *encounters* they have had
„A thousand times in secret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the ord *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean— I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty.

„To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this; to be put on my trial. MALONE.

P. 131, l. 5. 6. That any of these bolder vices *wanted Less* impudence etc.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, se of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* ould be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to bserve, that in our language, two negatives did ot originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. his mode of speech was in time changed, but, as ie change was made in opposition to long custom, proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obained but through an intermediate confusion.

JOHNSON.

P. 151, l. 34. My life *stands in the level* of your dreams,] To be in *e level* is, by a metaphor from archery, to be *thin the reach*. JOHNSON.

This metaphor, (as Mr. Douce has already observed,) is from *gunnery*. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 2. 3. — As you were past all shame,
(Those of your *fact* are so,) so past all truth:]
I do not remember that *fact* is used any where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place. Perhaps we should read:

Those of your pack *are so.*

Pack is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I should guess *sect* to be the right word See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. sc. iv.

In Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*, a Courtezan says: „It is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of flirts when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Fallstaff, speaking of Dol Tearsheet: „So is all her *sect*: if they be once in a calm, they are sick." *Those of your fact* may, however, mean — those who have done as you do. STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage [„I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices, etc.] „And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

MALONE.

P. 132, l. 4. *Which to deny, concerns more than avails:*] It is your *business* to deny this charge, but the mere denial *will* be useless; will prove nothing. MALONE.

P. 132, l. 14. *The* crown and comfort of my life] *The supreme blessing* of my life. MALONE.

P. 3

P. 132, l. 19. *Starr'd most unluckily*,] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

P. 132, l. 26. *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength* of *limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of* limb. *And* now, etc. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously conceives *strength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire, before they are suffered to go abroad after child bearing.* STEEVENS.

P. 133, l. 8. *The fatness of my misery;*] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

P. 134, l. 4. *Of the Queen's speed*,] Of the *event* of the Queen's trial: so we still say, he *sped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

P. 136, l. 1. 2. —— *and how his piety*
Does my deeds make the blacker!] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 19. 20. That did but show thee, *of a fool*, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful:] I have ventured at a slight alteration here, against the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read — *soul*. It is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina, though she might impeach the King of fooleries in some of his past actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign

his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

—— *show thee* of *a fool*,] So all the copies. We should read:

—— *show thee* off, *a fool*, ——

i. e. represent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconstant, etc. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have spared his sagacity, if he had remembered that the present reading by a mode of speech anciently much used, means only, *It show'd thee* first *a fool*, then *inconstant and ungrateful*. JOHNSON.

Damnable is here used adverbially. MALONE.

P. 135, l. 21. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour*,]

How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the King with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. MALONE.

P. 135, l. 25. 26. — — *though a devil*
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:]

i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 24 and fol. *Paul.* I am sorry for't; etc. etc.] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. JOHNSON.

P. 137, l. 20. *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain*, *well assured*, or *well informed*. JOHNSON.

It is so used by almost all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 7. — and there thy character:] The

description; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

P. 139, l. 20. *A savage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

P. 139, last l. — *barne*; — i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

P. 140, first l. *A boy, or a child,*] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed, among the peasantry, — *a child*. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 30. — how the sea *flap dragon'd* it:] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient topers swallowed *flap-dragons*. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 5. — the *old man!*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown hath just told his father, that he said his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*: and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: "— nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman:" Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

P. 141, l. 12. *A bearing cloth* is the fine mantle

or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized.

PERCY.

P. 141, l. 15. — *this is some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 17—19. *You' re a* made *old man;* etc.] In former copies: — *You're a* mad *old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!* — This the Clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad* old *man.* I have ventured to correct in the text — *You're a* made *old man*; i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages.

THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: „The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

P. 141, l. 21. — *the next way.* — i. e. the nearest way. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 27. *Curst*, signifies *mischievous.* Thus the adage: *Curst* cows have short horns. HENLEY.

P. 142, l. 5. — *that* make, *and* unfold *error*, —] This does not, in my opinon, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* mistakes, and *discover them*, ad different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a season *covers* errors, which he *afterwards displays* and *brings to light.* I chuse *therefore* to read:

—— *that* mask *and* unfold error, ——

THEOBALD

Theobald's emendation is surely unnecessary. *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it.

„These very comments on Shakspeare (says Mr. M. Mason) prove that time can both make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 8. 9. —— *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years,] This trespass, in respect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years, Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the firft scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lyly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the Drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. „For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete,

and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities; then in three hours ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell, "etc. This quotation will serve to show that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art.

STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 9. 10. — *and leave the growth untried*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 10. 11. — — — — *since it is in my power*
To o'erthrow law,] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any *order* or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 22—24. — — — — *imagine me,*
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;] Time is every where alike. I know not whether both sense and grammar may not dictate:

—— *imagine* we,
Gentle spectators, that you *now may be*, etc.

Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold these scenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me;* and is a common mode of expression. Thus we say „do *me* such a thing," „spell *me* such a word." M. MASON.

P. 142, last. l. but one. *Argument* is the same with *subject.* JOHNSON.

P. 142, last l. but one. To *allow* in our author's time signified to *approve.* MALONE.

P. 143, l. 9. It is *fifteen* years,] We should read — *sixteen. Time* has just said:

—— *thad I slide*
O'er sixteen years. —— STEEVENS.

P. 143. l. 25. 26. The sense of *heaping friendships*, though like many other of our author's, unusual, at least unusual to modern ears, is not very obscure. *To be more thankful shall be my study; and my profits therein the heaping friendships.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.* JOHNSON.

Friendships is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* MALONE.

P. 144, l. 6. *Missingly* noted means, I have observed him at *intervals*, not constantly or regularly, occasionally. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 28. *But* I fear the *angle* —] Mr. Theobald reads, — *and* I fear the *engle.* JOHNSON.

Angle in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away.

STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 24. — *some question* —] i. e. some talk.

MALONE.

P. 145, l. 3. *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father;

„*Non fuit Antolyci tam piceata manus.*"

Martial. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 4. *When daffodils begin to peer*, — and

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] „Two *nonsensical* songs, by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney. — But could not the many compliments paid by Shakspeare to musical science, intercede for a better epithet than *nonsensical*?

The Dr. subsequently observes, that „This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux."

I believe that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as singers of *nonsensical* baliads. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 7. *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] This line has suffered a great variety of alterations, but I am persuaded the old reading is the true one. The first folio has „the *winter's pale*;" and the meaning is, the red, the *spring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts *lately* under the *dominion* of *winter*. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in *Shakspeare*'s time; and the words red and pale were *chosen* for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnson, who rejected it.

STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 10. Doth set my *pugging tooth* an edge;] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read —*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 14. *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 17. — *three-pile* — i. e. rich velvet.

STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 26. *My traffick is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.*] Autolycus means, that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

Lesser linen is an ancient term, for which our modern laundresses have substituted—*small clothes*.

STEEVENS.

This passage, I find, is not generally understood. When the good women, in solitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miss any of their *lesser linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in spring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her nest; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpose. HOLT WHITE.

P. 145, l. 27. *My father named me, Autolycus;*] Mr. Theobald says, *the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid*. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite

was supposed by the astrologers
the nature of the star which pre
tolycus was a thief. WARBURT
- This piece of Lucian, to wh
refers, was translated long befo
speare. I have seen it, but it

P. 146, first l. *With die, and*
this caparison;] i. e. with ga
I brought myself to this shabby
P. 146, l. 2. — and my revenue
Silly is used by the writers o
for simple, low, mean; and in
the speech consists. I don't as
high things, as Bridewell or the
tented with this humble and lo
snapper-up of unconsidered t
fort editor, who, by his emenda
declared war against all Shakspe
it to, — *the sly cheat.* WARBU
The *silly cheat* is one of t
belonging to the art of *coneyca*
which Greene has mentioned am
treatise on that ancient and ho
think it means *picking pockets.*

P. 146, l. 2. 3. Gallows, an
powerful on the highway:\ T
a highwayman encounters in th
nishment which he suffers or

om daring robbery, and determine me to the
heat and petty theft. JOHNSON.
6, l. 7. *Every 'leven wether tods;*] A *tod* is
y eight pounds of wool. PERCY.
was led into an errour concerning this passage
e word *tods*, which I conceived to be a sub-
ve, but which is used ungrammatically as the
person singular of the verb to *tod*, in concord
the preceding words — *every 'leven wether.*
ame disregard of grammar is found in almost
page of the old copies, and has been properly
ted, but here is in character, and should be
ved.
. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used
erb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, „Twen-
ep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," etc. The
ng therefore of the clown's words is, „Every
1 wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or
y-eight pounds of wool: every tod yields a pound
ome odd shillings; what then will the wool of
1 hundred yield?"
ne occupation of his father furnished our poet
accurate knowledge on this subject; for two
ds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good
ce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About
shillings a tod is a high price at this day. It
gular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me,
here should be so little variation between the
of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present.
1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Anti-*
es, a tod of wool sold for nine shillings and
ence. MALONE.
his has been rightly expounded to mean that
vool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a tod, or
Each fleece would, therefore, be 2lb. 8oz.
and the whole produce of fifteen hundred

thorn 136 *tod.* 9*lb.* 6*oz.* 2*dr.* which *at pound and odd shilling per* tod would yield *L.* 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

P. 146, l. 12. I cannot do't without *counters.*] By the help of small circular pieces of base metal, all reckonings were anciently adjusted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Cassio, calls him — *counter-caster.* STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 13. — *what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?*] The expense attending these festivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings*, etc. 1594: „If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three sheapheard's wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage." STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 18. 19. — *three-man song-men all,*] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. *A six-man song* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham.* See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

P. 146, l. 20. —— means *and bases:*] *Means* are tenors. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 22. — to colour the *warden* pies;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present. It however afforded Ben Jonson room for a quibble in his masque of *Gypsies Metamorphosed:*

„A deputy tart; a church-*warden* pye."

It appears from a passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that these pears were usually eaten roasted:

„I would have had him *roasted like a warden*,
„In brown paper."

grandia, ita ... *I the ...*

P. 146, l. 29. gar exclamation, which I have often ... So, sir Andrew Ague-cheek: — „Before *me*, a good wench." STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 32. *Trol-my-dames*: *Trou-ma* French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURT

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone* I he says: „The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves es, if the weather be not aggreable, may the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, i which to troule pummits, either wyolent after their own discretion: the pastyme *madame*, is termed." FARMER.

The old English title of this game wa *holes*; as the archers in the machine throu the balls are rolled, resemble the caviti *pigeons* in a *dove house*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in ... game of *Trou-madame*, ... another t

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavish beggar. WHALLEY.

P. 148, l. 33—35. If I make not this cheat etc, — *let me be unroll'd*, etc.] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the show of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so.

WARBURTON.

P. 149, first l. *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,*] These lines are part of a catch printed in „*an Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches*, 1661," 4to. p. 69. REED.

P. 149, l. 2. To *hent* the stile, is to take hold of it. I was mistaken when I said in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. sc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 14. To chide at your *extremes*,] This is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises.

JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, as Johnson supposes: but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obscuring himself „in a swain's wearing," while he „prank'd her up most goddess-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning.

M. MASON.

P. 149, l. 16. *The gracious mark o'the land,*] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation.

JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 18. To *prank* is to dress with ostentation.

STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 18—22. — — — *But that our feas*
In every mess have folly, and the f
Digest it with a custom, I should bl
To see you so attired; sworn, I think
To shew myself a glass.] i. e. one think that in putting on this habit of a shc you had sworn to put me out of countenan in this, as in a glass, you shew me how below yourself you must descend before y get upon a level with me. The sentiment i and expresses all the delicacy, as well as h modesty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Ha emendation, which certainly makes an easy and is, in my opinion, preferable to the reading. But concerning this passage I kno what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explain passage according to the old reading. Th cannot help offering a transposition, which I explain thus:

——— *But that our feasts*
In every mess have folly, and the fee
Digest it with a custom, (sworn I thi
To see you so attired, I should blush
To show myself a glass.

i. e. — But that our rustick feasts are in eve accompanied with absurdity of the same kind, custom has authorized, (custom which one think the guests had sworn to observe,) I blush to present myself before a glass, which show me my own person adorned in a mar foreign to my humble state, or so much bet bited than even that of my Prince. STEEVE

I think she means only to say, that the Pr *the rustick* habit that he wears, seems as

sworn to show her a glass, in which she might beho
how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being „mo
goddess-like prank'd up."

Florizel is here Perdita's glass. Sir T. Hanm
reads — *swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is, in n
opinion, no need of change; and the words „t
shew myself" appear to me inconsistent with th
reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the sim
litude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable t
his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in th
old copies of these plays is always written *sound* c
swound. MALONE.

P. 149, l. 27. To me, *the difference forges dread*;
Meaning the difference between his rank and her
M. MASO

P. 149, l. 30—32. —— *O, the fates!*
How would he look, to see his work, so nob
Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for
man to rid his mind of his profession. The auth
ship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a m
phor, which rather than he would lose it, he
put with no great propriety into the mouth
country maid. Thinking of his own works, his r
passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that h
no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

P. 150, l. 12. Nor *in a* way —] Read: — No
way. RITSON.

It must be remembered that the transform
of Gods were generally for illicit amours; an
sequently were not „in a way so chaste" as
Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita.

P. 150, l. 23. — *forc'd* thoughts,] That is, t
far-fetched, and not arising from the presen
Y

P. 151, l. 30—32. *For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep*
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,] Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies em with the same documents. "There's *rosemary*, at's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we ay call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retain- g *seeming* and *savour*, appear to be the reason ay these plants were considered as emblematical of *ace* and *remembrance*. The nosegay distributed Perdita with the significations annexed to each wer, reminds one of the aenigmatical letter from Turkish lover, described by lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

Rue was called *herb of Grace*. *Rosemary* was e emblem of remembrance; I know not why, less because it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen e memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in e books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 12. 13. *There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares*
With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. Warton observes, „There is an art which can oduce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* nature herself."

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of me of the old books that treat of cookery, etc. but, ing utterly impracticable, is not worth exempli- ation. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 25. Then make your garden rich in *gilly- flowers*,] There is some further conceit relative *gillyflowers* than has yet been discovered. The copy, (in both instances where this word occurs) ds — *Gilly'vors*, a term still used by low people

in Sussex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: „You have fair roses, have you not?" „Yes, Sir, (says she,) but no *gillyflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that she would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo* and *Juliet*. I suppose *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flower:

„—— the fond carnation loves to shoot
„Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gilliflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gillofers*, etc. And in *A W's. Commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

„Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell*."

See Gascoigne's Works, 1587. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 28. The *dibble* is an instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minsheu*. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 14. 15. —— —— violets, dim,
But sweeter than *the lids of Juno's eyes*,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for delightful. JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our Kings gave to his new Queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes.* So, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the possession of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

„O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
„But let me kisse thine *eyes*, my sweet delight."
p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

—— —— βοώπις πότνια Ἥρη. *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Mason observes) „we are not told that Pallas was the goddess of blue eye-*lids*; besides, as Shakspeare joins in the comparison, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 16—18. —— —— *pale primroses,*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength,] So, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

„—— the rathe *primrose* that *forsaken dies.*"

Mr. Warton, in a note on this quotation, asks this, „But why does the Primrose die *unmarried*? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. Shakspeare's reason, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is such as I do not wish to understand. The true reason is, because *it grows* in the shade, uncherished or unseen *by the sun*, who was supposed to be in love with *some sorts of flowers*." STEEVENS.

oxlip has not a weak stalk
but erects itself *boldly* in th
lis, in his *Hist. of North*
the *great oxlip* grows a
should be confessed, how
the *oxlip* is taken notice o

P. 154, l. 4—6. — *Each y*
So singular in each
Crowns what you as

manner in ea h act crowns
P. 154, l. 14. 15. I think,
As little skill to fear
to do a thing was a phra
to our *to have a reason to*
editor, ignorant of this, al
As little skill in *fe*
which has no kind of sense

I cannot approve of Wa
this passage, or believe that
thing, ever meant, to *ha*
which, when he asserted it
duced one example at least.

The fears of women,
generally owing to their ex
they blush, because they u
that Florizel alludes, when
little skill to fear. M. M
P. 154, l. 19. 20. Ver. Pl
Pol. *This is the p*

fancy this half line is placed to a wrong And that the King begins his speech aside:

Pol. *I'll swear for 'em,*

This is the prettiest, etc. JOHNS

We should doubtless read thus:

I'll swear for *one*.

i. e. I will answer or engage for myself. So ration is absolutely necessary. This seems the and the reply will then be perfectly becom character. RITSON.

P. 154, l. 24. 25. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out:] Th ing must be this. The Prince tells her so *That calls the blood up into her cheeks, a kes her blush.* THEOBALD.

P. 154, l. 31. — *we stand upon our mann* That is, we are now on our behaviour. Jo

P. 155, l. 5. *To have a worthy feeding:*] ceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*, and a *worth ing* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsi not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. Jo

P. 155, l. 7. *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. STE

P. 155, l. 12. Who loves *another* best.] Su should read — Who loves *the other* best. M. I

P. 153, l. 30. — *no milliner can so fit his cus with gloves;*] In the time of our author, a afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carrie men. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 33. — with such delicate burdens of *a* „With a hie *dildo* dill" is the burthen of the *lors Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewi ed the *Tune* of it. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 33. — and *fadings:*] An Irish *this* name is mentioned by Ben Jonson *Irish Masque at* Court. TYRWHITT.

P. 156, l. 2. *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, „*Oh! do me no harme, good man.* FARMER.

This tune is preserved in a collection intitled „Ayres, to sing and play to the Lvte and Basse Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610. fol. RITSON.

P. 156, l. 7. Has he any *unbraided wares* ?] Surely we must read *braided*, for such are all the *wares* mentioned in the answer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing besides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribands*, etc. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress: or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. STEEVENS.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the best manufacture. *Braid* in Shakspeare's *All's Well*, etc. Act IV. sc. ii. signifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having lost its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better sort? Several old statutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, *etc.* as „falsely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided* wares means, „wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for wo[rse] thing better than common, but for smooth and pl[ain]

goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 9. The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 11. *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 14. 15. — he so chants to the *sleeve-hand*, and the work about the square on't.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads — sleeve-*band*. JOHNSON.

The old reading is right, or we must alter some passages in other authors. The word *sleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: „A surcoat [of crimson velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, skirts, and *sleeve-hands* garnished with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. „*Poignet de la chemise*." is Englished „the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt."

TOLLET.

P. 156, l. 28. 29. *Bugle bracelet, neclace-amber, Perfume for a lady's chamber*:] Place only a comma after *amber*. „Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which neclaces are made, commonly called *head-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads," etc.

T. WARTON.

P. 156, l. 32. — and poking-sticks of steel,] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made

of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. They are several
s mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me*
know Nobody, 1633, second part; and *in the*
kshire Tragedy, 1619, which has been attribut-
o Shakspeare. In the books of the Stationers'
pany, July 1590, was entered „A ballat entitled
ve Starche and *Poking-sticks*. Allowed under
hand of the Bishop of London."
Stowe informs us, that „about the sixteenth yeare
ie queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele
ing-sticks, and untill that time all lawndresses
l setting stickes made of wood or bone." See
IV. p. 436. STEEVENS.

157, l. 15. *Kiln-hole* is the mouth of the oven.
word is spelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I
uld have supposed it an intentional blunder, but
Mrs. Ford in *The merry Wives of Windsor*
res Falstaff to „creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and
e the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford
certainly not intended for a blunderer.
MALONE.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put
er a stove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime,
are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-*
, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female
ants in farm-houses. *Kiln*, at least in England,
ot a synonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

157, l. 18. *Clamour your tongues*,] The phrase
iken from ringing. When bells are at the height,
order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes
omes much quicker than before; this is called
mouring them. The allusion is humourous.
WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does
signify in Shakspeare a ceasing, but a contin-
ringing. Perhaps the meaning is, Give one

grand peal, and then have done. „A good *Clam,*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum.*

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that „to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the sound." If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the sense, the disputed phrase may answer to the modern one of — *ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 20. *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: „*Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, timbriae, seu fasciolae, emtae Nundinis Sae. Etheldredae celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in *voce.*

T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

„Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace.*"

Tom, the miller, offers this present to the Queen, if she will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to observe, that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 20. *Sweet*, or perfumed *gloves*, are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale:

„*Cloves as sweet as damask roses.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs

us, that the English could not „make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume. Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the bursars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: „*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a constant and considerable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in those of many other societies. They were annually given (a custom still subsisting) to the college tenants, and often presented to guests of distinction. But it appears (at least, from accompts of the said college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpose was fallen into disuse soon after the reign of Charles the First. T. WARTON.

P. 157, l. 31. I love a ballad in print, *a' life;*] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed, — *or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus: — *a'-life.* It is the abbreviation, I suppose, of — *at life*; as *a'work* is, of *at work.* TYRWHITT.

This restoration is certainly proper. So, in The *Isle of Gulls*, 1606: „Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." STEEVENS.

P. 158, l. 9—13. Here's another ballad, *Of a fish*, etc.] Perhaps in later times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions, narratives of murders, executions, etc. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: —— „Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspeare alludes. MALONE.

P. 158, l. 14. *for* — i. e. because. REED.

So, in *Othello*: „Haply, *for* I am black."
MALONE.

P. 159, l. 11. — *sad* —] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 25. To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

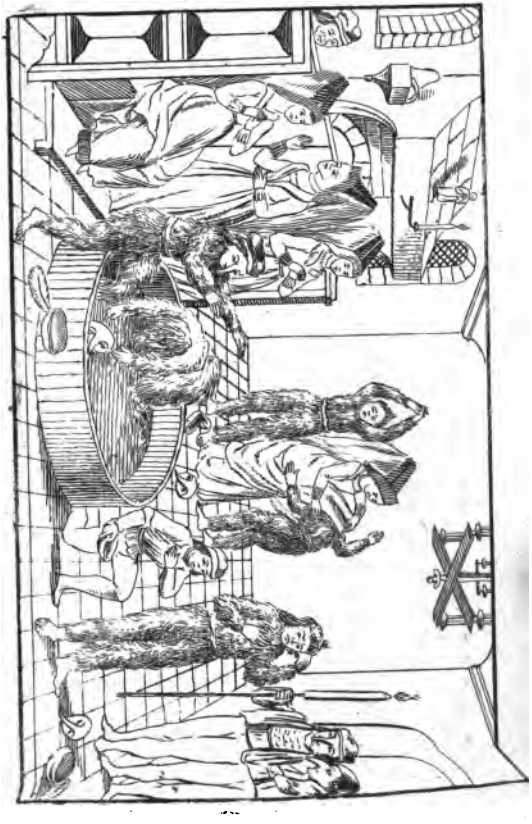
To *utter* is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and signifies to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation „concerning the licensing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or selling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or *uttering* the same." REED.

See Minsheu's Dict. 1617: „An *utteranee*, or sale." MALONE.

P. 159, l. 30. *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *satyrs*. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the King and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The King had set himself in the lap of the Dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional testimony to the prevalence of this species of mummery.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Ms. of Froissart's Chronicle preserved in the British Museum, will serve to illustrate Dr. Johnson's note, and to convey some idea, not only of the manner in which these *hairy men* were habited, but also of the rude simplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Masquerade. See the story at large in Froissart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.



P. 159, last l. but one. — they call themselves *saltiers*:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, „all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks; — little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

P. 159, last l. — *gallimaufry* —] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, says, a *gallimaufry* is „a confused heape of things together." STEEVENS.

P. 160, l. 2. *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion, without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, as Johnson supposes, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. M. MASON.

P. 160, l. 10. 11. — but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *squire*.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre*, Fr. MALONE.

P. 160, l. 17. 18. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased*. WARBURTON.

This dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preserve any connection between the two speeches. The line spoken by the King seems to be in reply to some unexpressed question from the old shepherd. RITSON.

This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

l. 29. —— *straited*] i. e. put to difficulties.
STEEVENS.

, l. 20. —— *dispute* his own estate?] Perhaps
pute we might read *compute*; but *dispute*
te may be the same with *talk over his affairs.*
JOHNSON.

s not this allude to the next heir suing for
te in case of imbecillity, lunacy, etc.?
CHAMIER.

obably means — „Can he assert and vindicate
t to his own property?" M. MASON.

l. 26. 27. Not hold thee of our blood, no not
our kin,

r than Deucalion off:] I think for *far than*
uld read *far as.* We will not hold thee of
even so far off as Deucalion the common
r of all. JOHNSON.

old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true
he ancient commparative of *fer* was *ferrer.*
Glossaries to Robert of Glocester and Robert
ne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was soft-
to *ferre.* TYRWHITT.

, l. 3. 4. *Per.* Even here undone!
was not much afeard:] The character is here
stained. To have made her quite astonished
King's discovery of himself had not be-come
h; and to have given her presence of mind to
de this reply to the King, had not become
cation. WARBURTON.

l. 8. To *look upon*, without any substantive
l, is a mode of expression, which, though
nusual, appears to have been legitimate in
re-s time. MALONE.

Ok upon, in more modern phrase, is to look

on, i. e. to be a mere idle spectator. In this sense it is employed in the two preceding instances.

STEEVENS.

„For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good." St. Matthew, v. 45. DOUCE.

P. 164, l. 19. You have undone a man of *fourscore three*,] These sentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here supported, by showing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*. WARBURTON.

P. 164, l. 23. 24. — — — and lay me

Where no priest shovels-in dust.] This part of the *priest's* office might be remembered in Shakspeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is — in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, etc. HENLEY.

P. 165, l. 17. I ift up thy looks:] „*Lift up* the light of they countenance." Psalm, iv. 6.

STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 21. It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.

JOHNSON.

P. 167, l. 6—8. *And* (*with my best endeavours, in your absence,*)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.] And where you *may*, by letters, intreaties, etc. endeavour to soften *your* incensed father, and reconcile him to the *match*; to effect which, my best services shall not *be wanting* during your absence. Mr. Pope, without

either authority or necessity, reads — *I'll* strive to qualify; — which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as *discontented.* MALONE.

P. 167, l. 16. 17. *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*
To what we wildly do;] *Guilty to*, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare: and this is one of those passages that shou'd caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. M. MASON.

P. 167, l. 17. 18. —— —— *so we profess*
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance*, to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 7. *Every sitting*, says Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every fitting.* The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you shall have of the King and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common speech, *the sittings.*
WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says: „My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York."
FARMER.

P. 168, l. 26. To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of.*

Mr. Henley, however, supposes that to take in,

in the present instance, is simply to *include* or *comprehend*. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 21. A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, initituled, *Certain necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636. there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. GREY.

P. 169, l. 25.—*as if my trinkets had been hallowed,*] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

P. 169, l. 33. — that all their other senses *stuck in ears:*] Read — „stuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

P. 169, l. 33. *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively used, as perhaps in *King Lear's:* „Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 33. *Some boot*, is *something over and above*, or, as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

P. 171, l. 2. — the gentleman is half *flay'd* already. I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half *stripped* already. MALONE.

P. 173, l. 17. — *pedler's excrement*, is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 22. — of what *having*,] i. e. estate, property. STEEVENS.

P. 173, l. 27—29. — *but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, *they sell* it us. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 31. —— *with the manner.*] In the fact. STEEVENS.

P. 173, last l. but one. — *hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?*] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 2. — *for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business,*] To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. To *touze*, says Minshieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *insinuate*, and to *tease*, or *toaze*, are opposites. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense. *Par. Lost.* B. IV. l. 547. and *Comus*, l. 749. HENLEY.

P. 174, l. 10. *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant.*] As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 22. 23. — *a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. JOHNSON.

P. 175, l. 20. — *then 'nointed over with honey*, etc.] A punishment of this sort is recorded in a book which Shakspeare might have seen: — „he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, *forced him* naked to enter into it, where hee long *time endured* the greatest languor and torment in the *worlde*, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym

and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life." *The Stage of popish Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. REED.

P. 175, l. 24. — *in the hottest day prognostication, proclaims*,] That is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanack*. JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspeare's time published under this title. „An Almanack and *Prognostication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." MALONE.

P. 175, l. 13. — *being something gently considered*,] Means *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, *will bring you*, etc. STEEVENS.

P. 178, first l. *Or, from the all that are, took something good*,] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 23. — the former Queen is *well?*] i. e. at rest; dead. MALONE.

This phrase seems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

P. 179, l. 24. *She had just cause.*] The first and second folio read — *she had just* such *cause*. REED.

We should certainly read, „she had just cause." The insertion of the word *such*, hurts both the sense and the metre. M. MASON.

There is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation. MALONE.

P. 179, l. 25. — and would *incense* me] i. e. instigate, set me on. STEEVENS.

P. 179, l. 31. *Should* rift ——] i. e. split. STEEVENS.

P. 180, l. 9. To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 7. 8. — — so must *thy grave*
Give way to what's seen now.] *Thy grave* here means — thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

P. 181, l. 9. — and writ *so*,] The reader must observe, that *so* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *she had not been — equall'd*. JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 9. 10. — — (but your writing now
Is colder than that *theme*,)] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. MALONE.

P. 183, l. 11—13. —— from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd *his*, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read:

—— *whose daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*

The Prince first tells that the lady came from *Lybia;* the King, interrupting him, says, *from Smalus? from him*, says the Prince, *whose tears, at parting, showed her to be his daughter.* JOHNSON.

The obscurity arises from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the sense is clear'd. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 25. A *graceful* gentleman;] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. MASON.

P. 184, l. 23. — these poor men *in question*,] i. e. in conversation. STEEVENS.

P. 184, l. 34. *The* odds for high and low's alike.] A quibble upon the false dice so called. DOUCE.

P. 185, l. 7. 8. — — and as sorry,

Your choice is not so rich in *worth* as beauty,] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The King means that he is sorry the Prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty. JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. MALONE.

P. 185, l. 14. 15. *Remember since you ow'd no more to time*

Than I do now:] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

P. 186, l. 22. — if the *importance* were joy, or sorrow;] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. MASON.

P. 187, l. 11. — the *affection* of nobleness,] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. MALONE.

P. 187, l. 19. — *so, and in such manner*,] Our author seems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkship. It is the technical language of conveyancers. RITSON.

P. 187, l. 24. — not by *favour*.] i. e. countenance, features. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 29. — with *clipping her*:] i. e. embracing her. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 31. — like a *weather-bitten conduit* —] Conduits, representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, still exists at Hoddesdon in Herts. HENLEY.

P. 188, l. 32. *Who was most marble there, changed colour;*] i. e. most petrified with wonder. ST EVENS.

It means those who had the hardest hearts. It

dnot be extraordinary that those persons should
ge colour who were petrified with wonder,
ght it was, that hardened hearts should be mov-
y a scene of tenderness. M. MASON.

189, l. 4. 5. — perform'd by that rare Italian
ter, *Julio Romano*: who, had he himself *eternity*,
] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492,
died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute
praise must be owned, yet it was a strange ab-
dity, sure, to thrust it into a tale, the action of
nich is supposed within the period of heathenism,
d whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted.
nis, however, was a known and wilful anachro-
sm. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*,
r that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk
f *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immorta-*
ty may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the
eaning only is, that if Julio could always con-
nue his labours, he would mimick nature.
JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if
ulio Romano had only painted the statue carved by
nother. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of*
rchitecture, mentions the fashion of colouring
en regal statues for the stronger expression of
fection, which he takes leave to call an English
rbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the
me: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione
ere painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her
p, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*,
the poet expresses it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent pas-
ge, that it was painted; and without doubt means
attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano.
MALONE

presented by him to our Antiquary
it was usual to colour statues an
In the chapel of Isis in the place
the image of that goddess had bee
her robe is of a purple hue. M
informed me, that Junius, on t
ancients, observes from Pausania
that sometimes the statues of the
loured after the manner of picture

P. 189, l. 6. — would beguile natu
That is, *of her trade*, — would
ers from her. JOHNSON.

P. 189, l. 17—21. It was, I supp
his own labour that the poet pu
into narrative, for though part
was already known to the audie
could not properly be shewn ag
Kings might have met upon the st
examination of the old shepher
might have been recognised in sig

P. 191, l. 5. *Franklin* is a *freeh*
a man above a *villain*, but no

P. 191, l. 9. *Tall*, in that tim
used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

A tall fellow of thy hands
low of your size. We measu
which contain four inches,
phrase is taken. M. MASON.

I think, in old books it generally means *a strong stout fellow.* MALONE.

P. 191, l. 20. — *we'll be thy good masters.*] The Clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior, or suitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style. Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: „Furthermore, I beseeche you to be *gode master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

P. 192, l. 14. 15. —— therefore I keep it *Lonely*, apart:] The old copy — *lovely.* STEEVENS.

Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The Oxford editor reads: Lonely, *apart:* —— As if it could be *apart* without being *alone.* WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old ngular writing cannot be distinguished from *lovely.* 'o say, that *I keep it alone separate from the est*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety decli- es. JOHNSON.

P. 193, l. 15. *O, patience;*] That is, *Stay a while, not so eager.* JOHNSON.

?. 193, l. 29. — *wrought* — i. e. worked, agitated. STEEVENS.

· 193, l. 29. 30. — (for the stone is mine,) *I'd not have show'd it.*] I do not know ether we should not read, without a parenthesis:

— for the stone i'th' mine
I'd not have shew'd it.

A *mine* of *stone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at present be esteemed an accurate expression, but it may still have been used by Shakspeare, as it has been used by Holinshed. *Descript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: „Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of sundrie kinds of coarse and fine marble* are there to be had in England?" — And a little lower he uses the same word again for a quarry of stone, or plaister: „*And such is the mine of it, that the stones thereof lie in flakes*, etc. TYRWHITT.

To change an accurate expression for an expression confessedly not accurate, has somewhat of retrogradation. JOHNSON.

P. 194, first l. *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already* —]

The sentence compleated is,

— *but that, methinks, already I converse with the dead.*

But there his passion made him break off.
WARBURTON.

P. 194, l. 8. *The fixture of her eye has motion in't,*] The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

P. 194, l. 9. *As we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author here, as in some other places, for „as if." MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Malone, very properly observe that *as*, in this instance is used, as in some *other places*, for *as if*. The former of these gen-

emen would read *were* instead of *are*, but unnes-ssarily, I think, considering the loose grammar Shakspear's age. —— *With*, however, has the rce of *by*. A passage parallel to that before us, curs in *Antony and Cleopatra* — „And *mock* our es *with* air." STEEVENS.

P. 196, l. 10. *And from your sacred vials pour your graces*

Upon etc.] The expression seems to have been ken from the sacred writings: „And I heard a eat voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath God upon the earth." — Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

P. 196, l. 20—2*r*. —— —— *Go together,*

You precious winners all; etc. etc.] You ho by this discovery have *gained* what you desired, ay join in festivity, in which I, who have lost hat never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

P. 196, l. 21. 22. —— —— your exultation

Partake to every one.] *Partake* here means *articipate*. It is used in the same sense in the ld play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

It is also thus employed by Spenser:

„My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
„Of all my love, and all my privity."

STEEVENS.

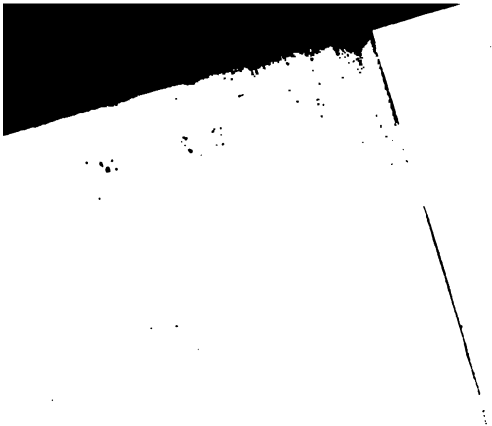
P. 196, two last l. — — Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand; *whose* worth, etc.]

The word *whose*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, ough *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent. M. MASON.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.



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